

ALL
OVIDSELEGIES:

3. BOOKES.

By C. M.

Epigrams by *J. D.*



AT MIDDLEBOVRGH

ALL

DAVID R. GILES:

BOOKS.

T. C. M.

Epistrophe & D.

1833

AT WASHINGTON

P. Ouidij Nasonis' Amorum;
Liber primus.

ELEGIA. I.

*Quemadmodum à Cupidine pro bellis
amores scribere coactus sit.*

WE which were Ouids five booke now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he.
If reading fure thou plainst of tediousnesse,
Two tane away, thy labour will be lesse.
With Muse prepar'd I meant to sing of Armes,
Choosing a subiect fit for fierce alarmes.
Both verses were alike till love (men say)
Began to smile and tooke one foote away.
Rash boy, who gave the power to change a line?
We are the Muses Prophets, none of thine.
What if thy mother take *Dianaes* bowe?
Shall *Dian* fanne, when love begins to glowe.
In wooddie groues ist meete that *Ceres* raigae?
And quiver-bearing *Dian* till the plaine.
Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray
While *Mars* doth take the *Aonian* Harpe to play.
Great are thy Kingdomes, over strong and large,
Ambitious impe, why seekst thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses Temple thine?
Then scarce can *Phæbus* say, this Harpe is mine.
When in this workes first verse I trode aloft,
Love slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.
I have no Mistresse, nor no Favorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complain'd, but love vnlockt his quiver.
Tooke out the shaft, ordain'de my heart to shiver:
And bent his sinewie bowe vpon his knee,

OVIDS ELEGIES:

Saving Poet heere's a worke beſeeming thee.
 Oh woe is mee, he never ſhootes but hits,
 I burne, love in my idle boſome ſits.
 Let my firſt verſe be ſixe, my laſt five feet,
 Fare-well ſterne warre, for blunter Poets meet.
Elegian Muſe, that warbleſt amorous layes,
 Girt my ſhine brow with Sea-banke Mirtle praiſe;

ELEGIA. 2.

*Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci
 ſe à cupidine patiatur.*

Vhat makes my bed ſeeme hard ſeeing it is ſoft?
 Or why ſlips downe the coverlet ſo oft?
 Although the nights be long, I ſleepe not tho.
 My ſides are ſore with tumbling too and fro.
 Were love the cauſe, it's like I ſhould deſcry him,
 Or lyes he cloſe, and ſhootes where none can ſpie him.
 'Twas ſo, hee ſtrucke me with a ſlender dart,
 'Tis cruell love turmoyles my captive heart.
 Yeelding or ſtrugling doe we give him might,
 Let's yeeld, a burthen eaſ'ly borne is light.
 I ſaw a brandiſht fire increaſe in ſtrength,
 Which being not ſlackt, I ſaw it dye at length.
 Young Oxen newly yoakt are beaten more,
 Then Oxen that have drawne the plough before.
 And rough jades mouthes with ſtubborn bits are torne,
 But manag'd horſes heads are lightly borne.
 Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
 Then ſuch as in their bondage feele content,
 Loe I confeſſe, I am thy captive I,
 And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
 What needſt thou warre, I ſue to thee for grace,
 With armes to conquer armeleſſe men is baſe.
 Yoake Venus Doves, put Mirtle on thy haire,

Vulcan

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and faire,
 The people thee applauding thou shalt stand,
 Guiding the harmlesse Pigeons with thy hand.
 Young men, and women shalt thou leade as thrall,
 So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.
 I lately caught, will have a new made wound,
 And captive like be manacled and bound.
 Good meaning shame, and such as secke loves wracke;
 Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their backe.
 Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,
 Io, tryumphant shall thy people sing.
 Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride,
 Which troopes have alwayes beene on *Cupids* side;
 Thou with these souldiers conquerest gods and men.
 Take these away, where is thine honour then?
 Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
 And on their faces heapes of Roses strow.
 With beauty of thy wings thy faire haire gilded,
 Ride golden love in chariots richly builded.
 Vnlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,
 And give wounds infinite at every turne.
 In spite of thee forth will thine arrowes flye,
 A scorching flame burnes all the standers by.
 So having conquer'd *Inde* was *Bacchus* hew,
 Thee pompous Birds, and him two Tygers drew.
 Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
 Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling me.
 Behold thy kinsmans *Caesars* prosperous bands.
 Who guards thee conquered wth his conquerings hands;

ELEGIA. 3.

Ad Amicam.

I Aske but right: let he that caught me late,
 Either love, or cause that I may never hate;

OVIDS ELEGIES

I aske too much, would she but let me love her.
 Love knowes with such like praier I daily move her.
 Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
 Accept him that will love with spotlesse truth.
 If lostie titles cannot make me thine,
 That am descended but of Knightly line,
 Soone may you plough the little land I have,
 I gladly grant my parents given, to save.
 Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
 And Cupid who hath markt me for thy pray;
 My spotlesse life, which but to Gods gives place,
 Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
 I love but one, and her I love, change never,
 If men have faith, Ile live with thee for ever.
 The yeares that fatall destinie shall give,
 Ile live with thee, and dye, ere thou shall grieve.
 Be thou the happy subiect of my Bookes,
 That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.
 By verses honored so got her name,
 And she to whom in shape of Swanne Love came,
 And she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land,
 Gripping his false hornes with her Virgin hand.
 So likewise we will through the world be rung,
 And with my name shall thine be alwayes sung.

ELEGIA. 4.

Amicam, qua arte, quibusue nutibus in cana, presente viro uti debeat, admonet.

THy husband to a banquet goes with me,
 Pray God it may his latest supper be,
 Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,
 While others touch the damsell I love best?
 Wilt lying vnder him his bosome clippe?
 About thy necke shall he at pleasure skippe?

OVIDS ELEGIES

Marvaile not, though the faire Bride did incite;
 The drunken *Centaures* to a suddaine fight.
 I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,
 Yet scarce my hands from thee containe I well.
 But how thou shouldst behave thy selfe now know;
 Nor let the windes away my warning blowe,
 Before thy husband come, though I not see,
 What may be done, yet there before him bee.
 Lie with him gently, when his limbes he spread,
 Vpon the bed, but on my foore first tread.
 View me, my beekes, and speaking countenance
 Take, and receive each secret amarus glaunce.
 Words without voyce, shall on my eye-browes sit,
 Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
 When our lascivious toyes come in thy minde,
 Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy tombe inclinde.
 If eught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
 Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought.
 When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee,
 Turne round thy gold-ring, as it were to ease thee
 Strike on the boord like them that pray for evill
 When thou doest with thy husband at the devill.
 What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,
 Aske thou the boy, what thou enough doest thinke.
 When thou hast tasted I will take the cup,
 And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.
 If hee gives thee what first himselfe did taste,
 Even in his face his offered Goblets cast.
 Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest,
 Nor leane thy soft head on his boistrons brest.
 Thy bosomes Roscat buds let him not finger,
 Chiefely on thy lips let not his lips linger.
 If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
 Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
 Yet this Ile see, but if thy gowne ought cover,

OVIDS ELEGIES

Suspicious feare in all my veynes will hover,
Mingle not thighes, nor to his legge joyne thine;
Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.
I have bin wanton, therefore are perplext,
And with mistrust of the like measure vext.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurke,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest worke.
Doe not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Least I should thinke thee guilty of offence.
Intreat thy husband drinke, but doe not kisse,
And while he drinke, to adde more do not misse.
If hee lyes downe with Wine and sleepe opprest,
The thing and place shall counsell us the rest.
When to goe homewards we rise all along,
Have care to walke in middle of the throng.
There will I finde thee, or be found by thee,
There touch what ever thou canst touch of mee.
Aye me I warme what profits some few howers,
But we must part, whē heav'n with black night lowers.
As night thy husband clips thee, I will weepe
And to the doores sight of thy selfe keepe:
Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse
But force thee give him my stolne hony blisse.
Constrajn'd against thy will give it the pezant,
Forbeare sweet words, and in your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it doe: to thee no joy thence spring,
But though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To mee to morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA. 5.

Corinna Concubitus:

IN Summers heate and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbes upon a bed I lay;

OVIDS ELEGIES.

One window shut, the other open stood,
 Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,
 Like twilight glimps at setting of the Sunne,
 Or night being past, and yet not day begun,
 Such light to shamefast Maidens must be shovne,
 Where they may sport, and seeme to be unknowne.
 Then came *Corinna* in a long loose gowne,
 Her white necke hid with tresses hanging downe;
 Resembling faire *Semiramis* going to bed,
 Or *Lays* of a thousand wooers sped.
 I snatcht her gowne being thin, the harme was small,
 Yet striv'd shee to be covered there-withall:
 And striving thus as one that would be cast,
 Berray'd her selfe, and yeelded at the last.
 Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,
 Not one wenne in her body could I spie.
 What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
 How apt her breasts were to be prest by me.
 How smooth a belly under her wast saw I?
 How large a legge, and what a lusty thigh?
 To leave the rest all lik'd me passing well,
 I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell:
 Iudge you the rest, being try'd she had me kisse
 Iove send me more such after-noones as this.

ELEGIA. 6.

Ad Ianitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

V Nworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore,
 On mooved hookes set ope the churlish dore.
 Little I aske, a little entrance make
 The gate halfe ope my bent side in will rake.
 Long love my body to such use make slender
 And to get out deth like apt members render.
 He shewes me how unheard to passe the watch,

And

OVIDS ELEGIES:

And guides my feete least stumbling falls they catch;
But in times past I fear'd vaine shades, and night,
Wondring if any walked without light.
Love hearing it laug'd with his tender mother,
And smiling sayed, be thou as bold as other.
Forth with love came, no darke night. flying spright;
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee feare I too much: onely thee I flatter,
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why envieſt me this hostile dende vnbarre,
See how the gates with my teares wat' red are,
When thou ſtood'ſt naked ready to be beate,
For thee I did thy miſtris faire entreate.
But what entreates for thee ſome-times tooke place,
(O miſchiefe) now for me obtaine ſmall grace.
Gratis thou maiest be free give like for like
Night goes away: the doores barre backward ſtrike.
Strike, ſo againe hard chaines ſhall binde thee never,
Nor ſervile water ſhalt thou drinke for ever.
Hard-hearted *Porter* doeſt and wilt not heare,
With ſtiſſe oake propt the gate doth ſtill appeare.
Such rampierd gates beſeiged *Citties* ayde,
In miſt of peace why art of armes afraid?
Excludſt a lover, how wouldſt uſe a foe?
Strike backe the barre, night faſt away doth goe,
With armes or armed men I come not guarded.
I am alone, were furious love diſcarded.
Although I would, I cannot him caſhiere,
Before I be devided from my geere.
See love with me, wine moderate in my braine,
And on my haire a crowne of flowers remaine.
Who feares theſe armes? who will not goe to meete the
Night runnes away; with open entrance greet them.
Art careleſſe? or iſt ſleepe forbids thee heare,
Giving the windeſ my ywords run-ning in thine eare.

Well

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Well I remember when I first did hire thee,
 Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
 But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,
 Ah how thy lot is above my lot blest:
 Though it be so, shut me not out therefore,
 Night goes away: I pray thee ope the doore,
 Erre we? or doe the turned hinges sound,
 And opening doores with creaking noyse abound?
 We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
 Aie me how high that gale did lift my hope!
 If *Boreas* beares *Orithyas* rape in minde, (winde.
 Come breake these deafe doores with thy boisterous
 Silent the Cittie is: nights deawie hoast,
 March fast away: the barre strike from the poast.
 Or I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,
 And with my brand the gorgeous houses burne.
 Night, love, and winne to all extreames perswade:
 Night, shamelesse wine, and love are fearelesse made.
 All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee,
 O harder then the doores thou gardest I prove thee.
 No pritty wenches keeper maist thou bee:
 The carefull prison is more meete for thee:
 Now frosty night her flight begins to take,
 And Crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake,
 But thou my Croyne from sad hairetane away,
 On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
 That when my mistresse there beholds the cast,
 She may perceive how we the time did wast:
 What ere thou art, farewell, be like me paind,
 Carelesse farewell with my fault not disdained.
 And farewell cruell posts rough thresholds block,
 And doores conjoynd with an hard iron lock.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 7.

Ad praxandam amicam, quam verberaveras.

BInde fast my hands, they have deserved chaines.
While rage is absent, take some friend the paines.
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arme,
My Mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme,
I might have then my parents deare mis-us'd,
Or holy gods with cruell strokes abus'd.
Why? *Ajax* master of the seven-fould shield,
Butcherd the flockes he found in spacious field;
And he who on his mother veng'd his fire
Against the destinies durst, sharpe darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled haire,
So faire she was, *Atalanta* shee resembled,
Before whose bow th' *Arcadian* wild beasts trembled,
Such *Ariadne* was, when she bevvayles
Her perjur'd *Theseus* flying vowes and sayles,
So chaste *Minerva* did *Cassandra* fall
Deflower'd except, within thy Temple wall.
That I was mad, and barbarous all men cryed,
She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me,
Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,
Better I could part of my selfe have wanted.
To mine owne selfe have I had strength so furious?
And to my selfe could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischiefes instruments, no better,
Deserved chaines these cursed hands shall fetter.
Punisht I am, if I a *Romaine* beat,
Over my Mistris is my right more great?
Tydides left worst signes of villanie,

He

OPID'S ELEGIES: O

He first a Goddesse strooke; an other I.
 Yet he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to love;
 I harm'd : a foe did *Diomedes* anger move.
 Go now thou Conquerour glorious triumphs raise,
 pay vowes to Iove : engirt thy hayres with baies,
 And let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,
 To a strong man conquerd this Wench, hollow.
 Let the sad captive foremost with lockes spread
 On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led.
 Meeter it were her lips were blew with kissing,
 And on her necke a wanton marke not missing.
 But though I like a swelling flood was driven,
 And as a prey vnto blinde anger given.
 Was it not enough the fearefull Wench to chide ?
 Nor thunder in rough threatnings haughty pride ?
 Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,
 Which to her wast her girdle still kept downe.
 But cruelly her tresses having rent
 My nayles to scratch her lovely cheekes I bent.
 Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white lookes shewed
 Like marble from the *Parian* Mountaines hewed.
 Her halfe dead ioynts, and trembling limbes I sawe,
 Like *Poplar* leaves blowne with a stormy flawe.
 Or slender eares, with gentle *Zephire* shaken,
 Or water tops with the warme south-winde taken.
 And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,
 Like water gushing from consuming snow.
 Then first I did perceiue I had offended,
 My blood, the teares were that from her descended.
 Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,
 My feared hands thrice baek she did expell.
 But doubt thou art (revenge doth grieue appeale)
 With thy sharpe nayles vpon my face to seaze.
 Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my lockes to breake,
 (Anger will helpe thy hands though nere so weake.)
 And

OVIDS ELEGIES

And least the sad signes of my crime remaine,
Put in their place thy keembed haire againe.

ELEGIA. 5.

*Execratur lenam, quæ puellam suam meretriciâ
arte instituebat.*

T Here is who ere will know a bawde aright,
Give care, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight,
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,
Sees not the mornæ on rosie horses rise.
She magick arts and *Theffale* charmes doth know,
And makes large streames back to their fountaines flow.
She knowes with gras, with thrids on wrōg wheels spurr
And what with Mares rank humour may be done.
When she will, cloudes the darkened heav'n obscure,
When she will, day shines every where most pure,
(If I have faith) I saw the starres drop bloud,
The purple moone with sanguine visage stood.
Her I suspect among nights spirits to fly,
And her old body in birds plumes to lie.
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes,
Two eye-balles shine and double light thence flies.
Great grand-fires from their ancient graves she chides,
And with long charmes the solide earth divides.
She drawes chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence.
By chaunce I heard her talke, these words she sayd,
While closely hid betwixt two doores I layd.
Mistress thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd
He staide, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd.
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds,
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weedes.
As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate,
Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state.

Th'oppos-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Th'opposed starre of *Mars* hath done thee harme,
 Now *Mars* is gone : *Venus* thy side doth warme.
 And brings good fortune, a rich lover plants;
 His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.
 Such is his forme as may with thine compare,
 Would he not buy thee thou for him shouldst care.
 She blusht : red shame becomes white cheekes, but this,
 If feigned, doth well ; if true it doth amisse.
 When on thy lappe thine eyes thou dost deject,
 Each one according to his gifts respect.
 Perhaps the *Sabines* rude, when *Tatius* raign'd,
 To yeeld their love to more then one disdain'd,
 Now *Mars* doth rage abroad without all pittie,
 And *Venus* rules in her *Aeneas* Citty.
 Faire women play, shee's chaste whom none will have,
 Or but for bashfulnesse her selfe would crave.
 Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,
 Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bowes her youths strength tride,
 Of horne the bowe was that approv'd their side.
 Time flying slides hence closely and deceaves vs,
 And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaves vs,
 Brasse shines with vse; good garments would be worne,
 Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.
 Beauty not exercise with age is spent,
 Nor one or two men are sufficient.
 Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull, (full
 Fiſe dog-kept flocks come preys to wolues most grate-
 Behold what gives the Poet but new verses ?
 And thereof many thousand he rehearſes.
 The Poets God arrayed in robes of gold,
 Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold.
 Let *Homer* yeeld to such as presents bring,
 (Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.
 Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,

OVIDS ELEGIES

The vaine name of inferiour slaves despize.
Nor let the armes of antient lives beguile thee,
Poore lover with thy granfires I exile thee.
Who seekes, for being faire, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets dost lay,
Least they should fly, being tane, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as lou'd he may be thought,
And take heed, least he gets that love for nought,
Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ake:
And *Isis* now will shew what scuse to make.
Receive him soone, least patient yse he gaine.
Or least his love oft beaten backe should waine,
To beggers shut, to bringers ope the gate,
Let him within heare: bard out lovers prate,
And as first wrongd the wronged sometimes banish,
Thy fault with his fault so repuls'd will vanish.
But never give a spacious time to ire,
Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,
That this, or that man may thy cheekes moist keepe,
Nor, if thou couzenest one, dread to for-sweare,
„*Venus* to mocke men lendes a sencelesse care.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
To teach thy lover, what thy thoughts desire.
Let them aske some-what, many asking little,
Within a while great heapes grow of a tittle,
And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes faile thee to require a gift,
By keeping of thy birth make but a shift,
Beware least he variuall'd loves secure,
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the beds men tumbling let him viewe
And thy necke with lascivious markes made blew.

Chiefely

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Chiefly shew him the gifts, which others send:
 If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
 When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
 Pray him to lend what thou maist nere restore.
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy minde harme-workes,
 Vnder sweete honey deadly poison lurkes.
 If this thou doest to me by long vse knowne,
 Nor let my words be with the winde hence blowne.
 Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray oft,
 That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft.
 As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide
 With much a doe my hands I scarcely staide.
 But her bleare eyes, balde scalpes thine hoary flieces
 And riuel'd cheekes I would haue puld a pices.
 The Gods send thee no house, a poore old age,
 Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum
 esse, sicuti nec militem.*

ALL Lovers warre, and *Cupid* hath his tent
 Atticke, all lovers are to warre farre sent,
 What age fits *Mars*, with *Venus* doth agree
 Tis shame for old in warre or love to be.
 What yeares in soldiers Captaines doe require
 Those in their lovers, pretty maydes desire.
 Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleepes:
 His Mistris does this, that his Captaines keeps.
 Souldiers must travaile farre: the wench forth send
 Her valiant lover followes without end.
 Mounts, and raine. doubled floods he passeth over,
 And treads the deserts snowy heapes to cover.
 Going to sea, East winde he doth not chide
 Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tide.

Who

OVIDS ELEGIES

Who but a souldier or a lover is bold
 To suffer storme mixt snowes with nights sharpe cold
 One as a spy doth to his Enemies goe
 The other eyes his rivall as his foe.
 He Citties great, this thresholds lies before:
 This breakes Towne gates, but he his Mistris dore.
 Oft to invade the sleeping foe tis good
 And arm'd to shed vnarmed peoples blood
 So the fierce troupes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell
 And Captive horses bad their Lord fare-well.
 Such Lovers watch till sleepe the hus-band charms,
 Who slumbring, they rise vp in swelling armes.
 The keepers hands and corps-dogard to passe
 The souldiers, and poore lovers worke ere was.
 Doubtfull is warre and love, the vanquisht rise
 And who thou never think' it should fall downe lyes.
 Therefore who ere love sloathfulnesse doth call,
 Let him surcease: love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burnd *Briseis* being tane away:
Trojans destroy the Greeke wealth, while you may.
Hector to armes went from his wifes imbraces,
 And on *Adromache* his helmet laces.
 Great *Agamemnon* was, men say amazed,
 On *Priams* loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deed the black-smithes net did stabe
 In heaven was never more notorious fable.
 My selfe was dull and faint, to sloath inclinde
 Pleasure, and ease had mollified my minde.
 A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse,
 And to her tents will'd me my selfe addresse.
 Since mayst thou see me watch and night warres move
 He that will not growe slothfull let him love.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore premia poscat.

SVch as the cause was of two husbands warre,
Whom *Trojane* ships fetcht from *Europa* farre.
Such as was *Leda*, whom the God deluded
In snowe-white plumes of a false swanne included;
Such as *Antimone* through the dry fields strayed
When on her head a water pitcher layed.
Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle
And what ere love made love shold thee invegle.
Now all feare with my mindes hot love abates
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'c why I chaunge? because thou crav'st rewarde:
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debarde.
While thou wert plaine, I lov'd thy mind and face;
Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine
And hath no cloathes, but open doth remaine.
Will you for gaine have *Cupid* sell himselfe?
He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe.
Love and loves sonne are with fierce armes to oddes;
To serve for pay beseemes not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each mans mony
And seekes vilde wealth by selling of her Cony,
Yet greedy Bauds command she curseth still,
And doth constraind, what you doe of good will.
Take from irrationall beasts a president,
Tis shame their wits should be more cxeellent.
The Mare asks not the Horse, the Cow the Bull
Nor the milde Eyre gifts from the Ramme doth pull;
Onely a Woman gets spoyles from a Man
Farmes out her-selfe on nights for what she can,
And lets what both delight, what both desire,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweete try it
Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?
Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure
Which man and woman reape in equall measure?
Knights of the post, of perjuries make saile
The vnjust Iudge for bribes becomes a stale:
Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a judgement seate ascend.
Tis shame to grow rich by bad merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize,
Thankes worthily are due for things vn Bought
For beds ill hyr'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth all, his rent discharg'd
From further duty he rests then enlarg'd
Faire Dames for-beare rewards for nights to crave
Ill gotten goods good end will neuer have
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly wonne
That unto death did presse the holy Nunne.
The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went,
And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punishment.
Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle,
Take clustred grapes from an oreladen Vine
Many bounteous love *Alcinous* fruit resigne:
Let poore men shew their service, faith, and care
All for their Mistresse, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kind Wenches tis my part,
And whom I like, eternize by my art.
Garments do weare, jewels and gold doe wast
The Fame that verse gives doth for ever last:
To give I love, but to be ask't disdain
Leave asking, and Ile give what I refraine.

OVIDS ELEGIES

ELEGIA. II.

*Nepes alloquitur, ut paratas tabernas ad
Corinnam perferat.*

A skilfull gathering ruffled haire in order
Nape free-borne whole cunning hath no border,
My service for nights scapes is knowne commodious
And to give signes, dull wit to thee is odious.
Corinna clips me oft by thy perswasion
Ever to harme me made thy Faith evasion.
Receive these lines, them to my Mistresse carry
Sedulous, let no stay cause thee tarry.
Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft brest
Pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And tis suppos'd loves bowe hath wounded thee
Send the ensignes of thy warre in mee,
What I do, she asks, say hope for night
He rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speake, give her my writ
Let see that forth-with shee peruseth it.
Charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading
Speechlesse looks we guesse at things succeeding,
Right being read, will her to write much backe,
The faire Paper should writ matter lacke.
Let her make verses, and some blotted letter,
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What need she try her hand to hold the quill
Let this word, come, alone the tables fill:
When with triumphant Laurell will I grace them
And in the midst of Venus temple place them.
Describing that to her I consecrate
My faithfull tables being vile maple late,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 12.

*Tabellas quas miserat execratur, quod amico
noctem negabat.*

BEwaile my chance the sad booke is returned
This day denyall hath my sport adiourned.
Presages are not vaine, when she departed
Nape by stumbling on the threshold started
Going out againe passe forth the doore more wisely
And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.
Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood be flying
And thou the waxe stuff full with notes denying.
Which I thinke gather'd from cold hemlocks flower
Wherein bad honey *Corficke* Bees did power.
Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appeare so bloudy.
As evill wood throwne in the high-waies lie,
Be broake with wheelles of chariots passing by.
And him that heu'd you out for needfull uses
He prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poore wretches on the tree themselves did strangle
There sat the hang-man for mens necks to angle.
To hoarse scritch-owles foule shadowes it allowes
Vultures and furies nestled in the boughes.
To these my love I foolishly committed
And then with sweet words to my Mistresse fitted:
More fitly had thy yrrangling bonds contained
From barbarous lips of some Atturney strained.
Among day bookes and bills they had laine better
In which the Merchant wayles his banquerout debter.
Your name approves you made for such like things
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the waxe.

ELE

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad Auroram ne properet.

NOW ore the Sea from her old Love comes she
 That drawes the day from heavens cold axletree,
Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe
 And birds from *Memnon* yearely shall be flaine.
 Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide
 If ever, now well lies she by my side.
 The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now
 And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough:
 Whither runst thou, that men and women love not
 Hold in thy rosy Horses that they move not?
 Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men, where to saile
 But when thou comest they of their courses faile.
 Poore travellers though tyr'd, rise at thy sight,
 And Souldiers make them ready to the fight.
 The painefull Hinde by thee to field is sent,
 Slow Oxen early in the yoke are pent.
 Thou couzenst boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them
 To *Pedants* that with cruell lashes pay them.
 Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer runne,
 That with one word hath nigh himselfe undone.
 The Lawyer and the client hate thy view,
 Both whom thou raisest up to toyle a new.
 By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
 Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card,
 All could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
 Who can endure save him with whom none lyes?
 How oft wisht I, might would not give thee place,
 Nor morning starres shun thy uprising face.
 How oft that either winde would breake thy coach,
 Or steeds might fall forc'd with thick clouds approach:
 Whether goest thou hatefull Nymph? *Memnon* the else

OVIDS ELEGIES

Receiv'd his cole. blacke colour from thy selfe:
 Say that thy love with *Cephalus* were not knowne
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shovne.
 Would *Tithon* might but talke of thee a while,
 Not one in heaven should be more base and vile,
 Thou leavest his bed, because hee's faint through age,
 And carely mountest thy hatefull carriage,
 But heldst thou in thine armes some *Cephalus*,
 Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.
 Doest punish me, because yeares make him waine,
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine?
 The Moone sleepest with *Endymion* every day,
 Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play.
 Iove that thou shouldst not hast but waite his leasure.
 Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
 I chide no more, she blusht and therefore heard me
 Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

ELEGIA. 14,

*Puellam consolatur cui prae mimis cura
 comae deciderant.*

Leave colouring thy tresses I did crie,
 Now hast thou left no haire at all to die,
 But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling lockes had swept.
 Feardst thou to dresse them being fine and thine
 Like to the silke the curious *Seres* spinne,
 Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out
 Fastning her light web some old beame about.
 Not blacke, nor golden were they to our viewe
 Yet although either mixt of eithers hue.
 Such as in hilly *Idas* watry plaines,
 The Cedar tall spoyld of his barke retaines.
 And they were apt to curl an hundred waies,

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
 Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth rest them,
 The mayde that kembd them euer safely left them.
 Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet never,
 Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out drive her,
 Oft in the morne her haire not yet digested,
 Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested.
 Yet seemely like a *Thracian Bacchinall*
 That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.
 When they were slender, and like downy mosse
 They troubled haire, alas, endur'd great losse.
 How patiently hot Irons they did take
 In crooked trannels crispy curles to make.
 I cryed tis sinne, tis sinne, these haire to burne
 They well become thee, then to spare them turne.
 Farre off by force, no fire to them may reach
 Thy very haire will the hot bodkin teach.
 Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne
Phæbus and *Bacchus* wisht were hanging downe.
 Such were they as *Diana* painted stands
 All naked holding in her waue-moist hands.
 Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?
 Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?
 Be not to see with wonted eyes inclinde
 To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.
 No charmed herbes of any harlot skathd thee,
 No faithlesse witch in *Thessale* waters bath'd thee,
 No sicknesse harm'd thee, farre be that a way,
 No envious tongue wrought thy thicke lockes decay.
 By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,
 Thou mad'st thy head with compound poyson flow.
 Now *Germany* shall captive haire-tyers send thee.
 And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee.
 Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush.

Praying

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Praying for me some unknowne *Guelder* dame;
 But I remember when it was my fame.
 Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,
 Dyed red with shame to hide from shame she seekes.
 She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe
 Aye me rare gifts unworthy such a happe.
 Cheere up thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire,
 And be hereafter scene with native haire.

ELEGIA. 15.

Ad invidios, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENvie why crapest thou my time is spent so ill,
 And termst my workes fruits of an idle quill.
 Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
 Warres rustie honours are refus'd being young.
 Nor that I study not the brawling lawes,
 Nor set my voyce to sale in every cause.
 Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
 That all the world may ever chaunt my name:
Homer shall live while *Tenedos* stands and *Ido*,
 Or into Sea swift *Simois* doth slide.
Ascreus lixes, while grapes with new wine swell,
 Or men with crooked Sickles corne downe fell.
 The world shall of *Callimachus* ever speake,
 His Arte excell'd, although his witte was weake.
 For ever lasts high *Sophocles* proud vaine,
 With Sunne and Moone, *Aratus* shall remaine.
 While bond-men cheat, fathers hoord, bawds whorish,
 And strumpets flatter, shall *Menander* flourish,
 Rude *Ennius*, and *Plautus* full of witt,
 Are beth in fames eternall legend writt.
 What age of *Varrees* name shall not be tolde,
 And *Iasons* *Argos* and the fleece of golde.
 Lofty *Lucretius* shall live that hewre.

Thae

OVIDS ELEGIES.

That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower,
Aeneas warre, and *Tityrus* shall be read,
 While *Rome* of all the conquered world is head,
 Till *Cupids* Bowe and fiery shafts be broken,
 Thy Verses sweet *Tibullus* shall be spoken.
 And *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to West,
 So shall *Licoris* whom he loved best.
 Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away,
 Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
 To Verse let Kings give place, and Kingly shewes,
 And bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.
 Let base conceited wits admire vilde things,
 Faire *Phæbus* lead me to the Muses springs.
 About my head the quivering myrtle wound,
 And in sad lovers heads let me be found,
 The living, not the dead can envie bite,
 For after death all men receive their right.
 Then though death rakes my bones in funerall fire,
 Ile live, and as he puls me downe mount higher.

The same by B. I.

ENVIE, why twitst thou me, my Time's spent ill?
 And call'st my verse, fruites of an idle quill?
 Or that (unlik ethe line from whence I sprong)
 Wars dustie honours I pursue not young?
 Or that I study not the tedious lawes;
 And prostitute my voyce in every cause?
 Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,
 Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name,
Homer will live, whil'st *Tenedos* stands, and *Ide*,
 Or to the Sea, fleet *Simois* doth slide:
 And so shall *Hesiod* too, while vines doe beare,
 Or crooked sickles crop the ripened care,
Callimachus, though in *Invention* love,

Shall

OVIDS ELEGIES.

shall still be sung, since hee Arte in doth flowe;
 No losse shall come to *Sophocles* proud vaine,
 With Sunne and Moone *Aratus* shall remaine.
 Whilst Slaves be false, Fathers hard, and Bauds be whee;
 Whilst Harlots flatter, shall *Menander* flourish. (rish
Innius, though rude, and *Accius* high-reard straine,
 A fresh applause in every age shall gaine.
 Of *Varro's* name, whateare shall not be tolde?
 Of *Iasons Argo*? and the *Fleece* of golde?
 When, shall *Lucretius* loftie numbers die,
 When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frye.
Virgil, Tillage, *Aeneid* shall be read,
 Whilst *Rome* of all the conquer'd world is head,
 Till *Cupids* fires be out, and his bowe broken,
 Whose verses (neare *Tibullus*) shall be spoken.
 Our *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to west:
 Shall *Licoris*, whom he now loves best.
 He suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare:
 But Heavenly *Poesie* no death can feare.
 Kings shall give place to it, and Kingly shewes,
 The banks ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.
 Neede hinders to trash: me let bright *Phœbus* swell,
 With cups full flowing from the *Muses* well.
 The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,
 And of sad loners Ile be often read.
 Envie the living, not the dead doth bite.
 For after death all men receive their right.
 When when this body falls in funerall fire,
 My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

P. Ovidij Nasonis Amorum
Liber Secundus.

ELEGIA. I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere
fit coactus.

I Ovid Poet of thy wantonnesse
Borne at *Peligny* to write more addresse.
So *Cupid* wills, farre hence be the severe.
You are unapt my looser lines to heare.
Let Maydes whom hot desire to husbands leade,
And rude boyes toucht with unknowne love me read.
That some youth hurt as I am with loves bowe
His owne flames best acquainted signes may know,
And long admiring say by what meanes learned
Hath this same Poet my sad chance discerned?
I durst the great celestiall battells tell
Hundred-hand *Gyges*, and had done it well,
With earths revenge and how *Olimpm* top
High *Ossa* bore mount *Pelion* up to prop.
Iove and *Ioves* thunderbolts I had in hand.
Which for his Heaven fell on the Gyants band.
My wench her doore shut, *Ioves* affaires I left
Even *Iove* him selfe out of my wit was rest.
Pardon me *Iove*, thy weapons ayde me nought
Her shut gates greater lightning then thine brought.
Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I rooke
Quickly soft words hard doores wide open strooke.
Verses reduce the horned bloody Moone
And call the Sunnes white horses blacke at noone.
Snakes leape by verse from caves of broken mountaines
And turned streames run back-ward to their fountains.
Verses ope doores, and lockes put in the poast

OVIDS ELEGIES!

Although of oake, to yeeld to verses boast
 What helps it me of fierce *Achill* to sing?
 What good to me will either *Ajax* bring?
 Or he who war'd and wander'd twenty yeare?
 Or wofull *Hector* whom wilde jades did teare?
 But when I praise a prettie wenches face
 She in requitall doth me oft imbrace.
 A great reward: *Heroes* O famous names
 Farewell, your favour nought my minde inflames.
 Wenches apply your faire lookes to my verse
 Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puella sibi commissam
 Laxiorem habeat.*

Bagous whose care doth my Mistresse bridle
 While I speake some few, yet fit words be idle:
 I saw the Damzell walking yesterday
 There where the porch doth *Danaus* fact display:
 She pleas'd me soone, I sent, and did her woo,
 Her trembling hand writ back she might not doo.
 And asking why, this answer she redoubled
 Because thy care too much thy Mistresse troubled.
 Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish
 Beleeve me, whom we feare, we wish to perish
 Nor is her husband wise what needs defence
 When un-protected there is no expence
 But furiously he followes his loves fire
 And thinks her chaste whom many doe desire.
 Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine
 Which giving her, she may give thee againe.
 Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee tremble
 Feare to be guilty then thou mayest desemble.
 Think when she reads, her mother letters sent her

OVID'S ELEGIES.

Let him goe forth knowne, that unknowne did enter,
Let him goe see her though she doe not languish
And then report her sicke and full of anguish.
If long she stayer, to thinke the time more short
Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort,
Enquire not what with *Isis* may be done
Nor feare least she to th' theater's runne.
Knowing her scapes thine honour shall increase,
And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunte the house, be kindly usd
Enjoy the Wench, let all else be refusd.
Vaine causes faine of him, the true to hide
And what she likes, let both hold ratifide,
When most her husband bends the browes and frownes
His fauning wench with her desire he crownes.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfeit teares: and thee lewd hangman call.
Object thou then what she may well excuse,
To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes use.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,
Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedome reape,
On tell-tales neckes thou seest the linke-knit chaines,
The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines,
Water in waters, and fruite-flying touch
Tantalus seekes, his long tongues gaine is such.
While *Janos* watch-man 7^o too much eyde,
Him timelesse death tooke, she was deifide,
I saw ones legs with fetters blacke and blewe,
By whom the husband his wives incest knewe.
More he deserv'd, to both great harme he fram'd
The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd,
Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad
Nor make they any man that heare them glad.
If he loves not, deafe eares thou dost importune,
Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.

OVIDS ELIGIES.

Nor is it easily prov'd though manifest,
 She safe by favour of her judge doth rest,
 Though himselfe see; heele credit her denyall
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.
 Spying his Mistresse teares, he will lament
 And say this blab shall suffer punishment.
 Why fighst gainst oddes? to thee being cast doe hap
 Sharpe stripes, she sitteth in the judges lap.
 To meete for poyson or vilde facts we crave not
 My hands an unsheathd shyning weapon have not,
 Wee seeke that through thee safely love we may,
 What can be easier then the thing we pray.

ELEGIA. 3.

Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.

AYe me an *Eunuch* keepes my Mistresse chaste,
 That cannot *Venus* mutuall pleasure taste.
 Who first depriv'd young boyes of their best part,
 With selfe same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
 To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle prove,
 If ever wench had made luke-warme thy love:
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare.
 Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare,
 Men handle those, all manly hopes resignae,
 Thy Mstresse enignes must be likewise thine.
 Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,
 If she discards thee, what use servest thou for?
 Good forme there is, yeares apt to play together,
 Vameere is beauty without use to wither.
 Shee may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
 What two determine never wants effect.
 Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
 While thou hast time yet to bestowe that gift.

ELEGIA.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 4.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formae sint.

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,
 Or justifie my vices being many.
 For I confesse, if that might merite favour,
 Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
 I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne,
 Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shunne.
 I cannot rule my selfe, but where love please,
 Am driven like a ship upon rough Seas.
 No one face likes me best, all faces move,
 A hundred reasons make me ever love.
 If any eye me with a modest looke,
 I blush, and by that blushfull glaunce am tooke.
 And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,
 Me thinks she would be nimble when shee's downe.
 Though her sowre lookes a *sabines* brow resemble,
 I think shee doe, but deeply can dissemble.
 If she be learn'd, then for her skill I crave her,
 If not, because shees simple I would have her.
 Before *Callimachus* one preferres me farre,
 Seeing she likes my bookes why should we jarre?
 An other railes at me and that I write
 Yet would I lye with her if that I might.
 Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
 She would be nimbler, lying with a man.
 And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long
 To quaver on her lips even in her song.
 Or if one touch the Lute with arte and cunning
 Who wold not love those hands for their swift running?
 And her I like that with a majesty
 Folds up her armes and makes lowe courtesy.
 To leaue my selfe, that am in love with all

OVIDS ELEGIES

Some one of these might make the chastest fall;
 If she be tall, shees like an *Amazon*,
 And therefore fills the bed she lyes upon.
 If short she lyes the rounder to say troth
 Both short and long please me, for I love both;
 I thinke what one undeckt would be, being drest
 Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
 A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow
 And nut-browne girles in doing have no fellow.
 If her white necke, be shadowed with blacke haire
 Why so was *Leda*, yet was *Leda* faire
 Amber trest is she, then on the morne think I
 My love alludes to every history:
 A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good
 This for her lookes, that for her woman-hood.
 Nay what is she that any *Roman* loves
 But my ambitious ranging minde approves.

ELEGIA. 5.

Ad amicam corruptam.

NO love is so deere (quivered *Cupid* flie)
 That my chiefe with should be so oft to die;
 Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revill,
 Alas a wench is a perpetuall evill.
 No intercepted lines thy deedes display,
 No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray
 O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,
 Aye me poore soule why is my cause so good.
 He's happy that his love dare boldly credit,
 To whom his wench can say, I never did it.
 He's cruell, and too much his grieve doth favour
 That seekes the conquest by her loose behaviour.
 Poore wench I saw when thou didst thinke I slumbred
 Nor drunke your fautes on the spilt wine I numbred.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

I saw your nodding eye-browes much to speake,
 Even from your cheekes part of a voyce did breake.
 Not silent were thine eyes, the board with wine
 Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.
 I knew your speech (what doe not lovers see) ?
 And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.
 Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
 The youthfull sort to divers pastimes runne.
 I saw you then unlawfull kisses joyne,
 (Such with my tongue it likes me to purloine.)
 None such the sister gives the brother grave,
 But such kinde wenches let their lovers have.
Phæbus gave to *Diana* such ris thought,
 But *Venus* often to her *Mars* such brought.
 What doest, I cryed, transportst thou my delight ?
 My lordly hands ile throw vpon my right.
 Such blisse is onely common to us two,
 In this sweete good, why hath a third to do ?
 This, and what grieve inforc'd me say I say'd,
 A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.
 Even such as by *Aurora* hath the skie,
 Or maides that their betrothed hus bands spie.
 Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breeds,
 Or when the Moone travailes with charmed reedes.
 Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,
Arachine staynes *Affyrian* ivory.
 To these, or some of these like was her colour,
 By chance her beauty never shined fuller.
 She viewed the earth : the earth to view, bescem'd her
 She looked sad : sad, comely I esteem'd her.
 Even kemberd as they were, her lockes to rend,
 And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.
 Seeing her face, mine upreard armes disscended,
 With her owne armour was my wench defended.
 I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,

OVIDS ELEGIES

east with worse kisses she should me endue.
 he laught, and kissed so sweetly as might make
 /rath-kindled love away his thunder shake.
 grieve least others should such good perceive,
 and wish hereby them all unknowne to leave.
 Also much better were they then I tell,
 and ever seemed as some new sweete befell.
 'tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
 ay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
 This grieves me not, no joyned kisses spent,
 bewaile I onely, though I them lament.
 To where can they be taught but in the bed,
 know no master of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA. 6.

In mortem psittaci.

THE parrat from East-India to me sent,
 Is dead, al-fowles her exequies frequent.
 So goodly birdes, striking your breasts bewaile,
 And with rough clawes your tender cheekes assaile.
 For wofull haire let piece-torne plumes abound,
 For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.
 Why *Philomele* doeſt *Tereus* leudnesse mourne?
 All waſting yeares have that complaint not worne.
 Thy tunes let this rare birds ſad funerall borrowe,
 It is as great, but auncient cauſe of ſorrowe.
 All you whoſe pincons in the cleare ayre ſore,
 But moſt thou friendly turtle-dove deplore.
 Full concord all your lives was you berwixt,
 And to the end your conſtant faith ſtood fixt.
 What *Pylades* did to *Oreſtes* prove,
 Such to the Parrat was the turtle dove.
 But what availed this faith? her rareſt hue?
 Or voyce that how to change the wilde notes knew?

What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What helps it thou wert given to please my wench,
 Birds haples glory, death thy life doth quench.
 Thou with thy quilles mightst make greene *Emeralds*
 And passe our scarlet of red saffrons marke. (darke,
 No such voyce-feigning bird was on the ground,
 Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound
 Envie hath rapt thee, no fierce warres thou movedst,
 Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou lovedst,
 Behold how Quails among their battailes live,
 Which doe perchance old age unto them give.
 A little fild thee, and for love of talke,
 Thy mouth to taste of many meates did balke.
 Nuts were thy food, and Poppie causde thee sleepe,
 Pure waters moisture thirst away did keepe.
 Thee ravenous Vulture lives, the Puttock hovers,
 A round the aire, the Cadessc raine discovers,
 And Crowes survives armes-bearing *Pallas* hate,
 Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
 Dead is that speaking image of mans voyce,
 The Parrat given me, the farre words best choyce?
 The greedy spirits take the best things first,
 Supplying their voyde places with the worst.
Thersites did *Protesilaus* survive,
 And *Hector* dyed his brothers yet alive.
 My wenches vowes for thee what should I show,
 Which stormie South-windes into Sea did blowe?
 The seventh day came, none following mightst thou see
 And the fates distasse empirie stood to thee,
 Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,
 Farewell *Corinna* cryed thy dying tongue.
Elisum hath a wood of holme-trees blacke,
 Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke,
 There good birds rest (if we beleeve things bidden)
 Whence uncleane fowles are said to be forbidden.
 There harmlesse Swans feed all abroad the river,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

here lives the *Phoenix* one alone bird ever,
 here *Iuno's* bird displays his gorgeous feather,
 and loving Doves kisse eagerly together.
 The *Parrat* into wood receiv'd with these,
 turns all the goodly birds to what she pleases
 her grave bones hides, on her corps great grave,
 the little stones these little verses have.
 his tombe approves, I please my mistresse well,
 my mouth in speaking did all birds excell.

ELEGIA. 7.

Amice se purgat quod ancillam non amet.

O of me of new crimes alwayes guilty frame?
 To over-come, so oft to fight I shame,
 on the Marble Theater I looke,
 One among many is to grieve thee tooke.
 Some faire wench me secretly behold,
 Thou arguest she doth secret marks unfold.
 If I praise any, thy poore haire thou tearest,
 If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
 If I looke well, thou thinkst thou dost not move,
 If ill, thou sayest I dye for others love.
 Would I were culpable of some offence,
 They that deserve paine, beare't with patience.
 Now rash accusing, and thy vaine believe,
 Forbid thine anger to procure my grieve.
 See how the miserable great eared *Asse*,
 Duld with much beating slowly forth doth passe.
 Behold *Cypassis* went to dresse thy head,
 Is charg'd to violate her Mistresse bed.
 The Gods from this sinne rid me of suspition,
 To like a base wench of dispild condition.
 With *Venus* game who will a servant grace?
 Or any back made rough with stripes embrace?

Adde

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,
 And for her skill to thee a gratefull maide!
 Should I sollicite her that is so just?
 To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust:
 I sweare by *Venus* and the wingd boyes bowe,
 My selfe unguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA. 8. *Ad Cypassin ancillam Corinno.*

C*ypassis* that a thousand wayes trimst haire;
 Worthy to kembe none but a Goddesse faire;
 Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,
 Apt to thy mistresse, but more apt to me.
 Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde?
 Whence knowes *Corinna* that with thee I playd?
 Yet blusht I not, nor usde I any saying,
 That might be urg'd to witnesse our false playing.
 What if a man with bond women offend,
 To prove him foolish did I ere contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captive *Briseis*,
 Great *Agamemnon* lov'd his servant *Chryseis*,
 Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme,
 What graced Kings in me no shame I deeme.
 But when on thee her angry eyes did ruse,
 In both my cheekes she did perceiue the blush:
 But being present, might that worke the best,
 By *Venus* Deity how did I protest.
 Thou Goddesse dost command a warme South-blasse
 My selfe oathes in *Carpathion* seas do cast.
 For which good turne my sweet reward repay,
 Let me lye with thee browne *Cypasse* to day.
 Vngate why feignest new feares? and dost refuse,
 Well mayest thou one thing for thy Mistresse use.
 If thou denyest foole, Ile our deeds expresse,

OVIDS ELIGIES:

And as a traitour mine owne fault confesse.
Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

ELEGIA. 9.

Ad cupidinem.

O Cupid that doest never cease my smart,
O boy that lyest so slothfull in my heart.
Why me that alwayes was thy souldier found,
Doest harme, and in my tents why doest me wound?
Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquisht foes affends.
Did not *Pelides* whom his Speare did grieve,
Being requir'd, with speedy helpe relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And then things found doe ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feele thine armes,
Thy dull hand stayes thy striving enemies harmes.
Doest joy to have thy hooked Arrowes shaken,
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,
Hence with great laud thou mayest a triumph move.
Rome if her strength the huge world had not filld,
With strawie cabins now her courts should build.
The weary souldier hath the conquerd fields,
His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds.
The Docke in harbours ships drawne from the foulds,
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to live in quiet.
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches dyet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
Live without love, so sweete ill is a maide.
For when my loathing it of heate deprives me,
I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind drives me
Even

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Even as a head-strong courser beares away,
 His rider vainely striving him to stay.
 Or as a sodaine gale thrusts into sea,
 The haven touching barcke now neare the lea
 So wavering *Cupid* brings me backe againe,
 And purple love resumes his dartes againe.
 Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,
 Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
 Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot,
 Better then I, their quiver knowes them not.
 Haplesse is he that all the night lyes quiet
 And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it.
 Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,
 Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
 But me let craftie damzels words deceive,
 Great joyes by hope I inly shall conceive.
 Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
 Let her enjoy me oft, oft be debard.
Cupid by thee, *Mars* in great doubt doth trample,
 And thy step-father fights by thy example.
 Light art thou, and more windie then thy wings,
 Ioyes with uncertaine faith thou takest and bringst.
 Yet love, if thou with thy faire mother heare,
 Within thy brest no desert empire beare.
 Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,
 So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad Gracinum quod eodem tempore duas amas.

G*racinus* (well I wot) thou toldst me once,
 I could not be in love with two at once.
 By thee deceived, by thee surpriz'd am I
 For now I love two women equally.
 Both are well-favour'd, both rich in aray,

Which

OVIDS ELEGIES

Which is the love-liest it is hard to say.
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me,
And this doth please me most, and so doth she.
Even as a boate, tost by contrary winde,
So with this love, and that, wavers my minde.
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my hart?
Why addst thou stars to heaven, leaves to greene-wood
And to the vast deepe sea fresh-water floods?
Yet this is better farre then lye alone,
Let such as be mine enemies have none:
Yea let my fees sleepe in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread.
But may soft love rowse up my drowisie eyes,
And from my mistrisse bosome let me rise.
Let one wench cloy me with sweet loves delight
If one can doe't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith
Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with.
Pleasure addes fuell to my lust-full fire
I pay them home with that they most desire.
Oft have I spent the night in wantonnesse,
And in the morne beene lively ne're the lesse.
Hee's happie who loves mutuall skirnish layes,
And to the Gods for that death Ovid prayes.
Let souldiours chase their enemies amaine,
And with their bloud eternall honour gaine.
Let Marchants seeke wealth with perjured lips;
And being wrackt carowse the sea tir'd by their ships.
But when I dye, would I might droupe with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soule going:
That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
Even as he led his life, so did he dye.

OVIDS ELEGIES,

ELEGIA. II.

Ad amicam navigantem.

He lofty Pine from high mount *Pelion* raught
Ill wayes by rough seas wondring waves first taught,
Which rashly twixt the sharpe rockes in the deepe,
Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.
Would that no Oares might in seas have sunke;
The *Argos* wrackt had deadly waters drunke.
Oe country Gods, and know bed to forsake,
Perinna meanes, and dangerous wayes to take:
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With Icy *Boreas*, and the Southerne gale:
Thou shalt admire no Woods or Citties there,
The unjust Seas all blewish doe appeare.
The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,
The sucking shore with their aboundance swells:
Maides on the shore, with marble white feete tread,
So farre 'tis safe, but to goe farther dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,
How *Styllax* and *Caribdis* waters rage.
And with what rocke the fear'd *Ceraunia* threat,
In what gulfe either *Syrtes* have their seat.
Let others tell this, and what each one speakes
Beleeve, no tempest the beleever wreakes.
Too late you looke backe, when with anchors weighd,
The crooked Barque hath her swift sayles displayd.
The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death neere him thrusts;
But if that *Triton* toss the troubled floud,
In all thy face will be no crimson bloud.
Then wilt thou *Ledas* noble twinne-starres pray,
And he is happie whom the earth holds, say,
It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,

The

OVIDS ELEGIES.

The *Thracian* Harpe with cunning to have strooke;
 But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,
 Yet *Galatea* favour thou her ship,
 The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,
 Both to the Sea-nimphs, and the Sea-nimphes father.
 Goe, minding to returne with prosperous winde,
 Whose blast may hither strongly be inclinde,
 Let *Nereus* bend the waves unto this shore,
 Hither the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore.
 Request milde *Zephires* helpe for thy availe,
 And with thy hand assist thy swelling saile,
 I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,
 And say it brings her that preserveth me;
 Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation,
 For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,
 And in the forme of beds weele strowe soft sand,
 Each little hill shall for a table stand:
 There wine being sold, thou many things shalt tell,
 How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell.
 And hasting to me, neither darke some night,
 Nor violent South-windes did thee ought affright.
 Ile thinke all true, though it be feigned matter.
 Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?
 I let the bright day-starre cause in heaven this day be,
 To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

ELEGIA. 12.

Exultat, quod amica positus sit.

A Bout my temples go triumphant bayes,
 Conquer'd *Corinna* in my bosomes layes.
 She whom her husband, guard, and gate as foes,
 Least *Arte* should winne her firmly did inclose,
 That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
 Which without blood-shed doth the prey inherit.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

No little ditched townes, no lowly walles,
 But to my share a captive damzell fallles.
 When *Troy* by ten yeares battle tumbled downe,
 With the *Atrides* many gain'd renowne.
 But I no partner of my glory brooke,
 Nor can an other say his helpe I tooke.
 My guide, and souldiour wonne the field and ware her,
 Was both horse-man, foote-man, standard-bearer,
 Nor in my aet hath fortune mingled chance,
 My care-got triumph hitherwards advance.
 Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene
 Of *Europe*, and *Asia* in firme peace had beene.
 The *Lapithes*, and the *Centaures* for a woman,
 To cruell armes their drunken selves did summon.
 A woman forc'd the *Troyans* new to enter
 Warres, just *Latinus*, in thy kingdomes center.
 A woman against late-built *Rome* did send,
 The *Sabine* Fathers, who sharpe warres intend.
 Saw how Bulls for a white Heifer strive,
 The looking on them did more courage give.
 And me with many, but yet without murther,
Jupid commands to move his ensignes further.

ELEGIA 13.

Ad I fidem, ut parientem Corinnam juvet.

While rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,
 Wearie *Corinna* hath her life in doubt.
 He secretly with me such harme attempted,
 Hungry I was, but feare my wiath exempted.
 But she conceiv'd of me, or I am sure
 I oft have done, what might as much procure.
 Thou that frequents *Canopus* pleasant fields,
Memphis, and *Pharos* that sweete date-trees yeelde,
 And where swift *Nile* in his large channell slipping,

By

OVID'S ELEGIES:

By seaven huge mouthes into the sea is slipping,
 By fear'd *Anubis* visage I thee pray,
 So in thy Temples shall *Osiris* stay,
 And the dull Snake about thy offerings creepe;
 And in thy pompe hornd *Apis* with thee keepe,
 Turne thy looks hither, and in one spare twaine,
 Thou givest my Mistresse life, she mine againe,
 Shee oft hath serv'd thee upon certaine dayes,
 Where the *French* rout engirt themselves with Bayes,
 On labouring women thou dost pittie take,
 Whose bodyes with their heavy burthens ake.
 My wench *Lucina*, I intreat thee favour,
 Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.
 In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greet,
 My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy secte:
 Subscribing *Naso* with *Corinna* sav'd,
 Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd,
 But if in so great feare I may advise thee,
 To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA. 14.

In amicum, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

WHat helps it Woman to be freed from warre?
 Nor being arm'd fierce troupes to follow farre?
 If without battell selfe-wrought wounds annoy them
 And there owne privie weapon'd hands destroy them,
 Who unborne infants first to slay invented,
 Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented;
 Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lacke,
 Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wracke?
 Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherish'd,
 All humaine kinde by their default had perisht.
 On stones our stockes originall should be hurld,
 Againe by some in this unpeopled world.

Who

OVIDS ELEGIES

Who should have *Priams* wealthy substance wonne;
 If watry *Thetis* had her childe fore-done?
 In swelling wombe her twins had *Ilia* kild?
 He had not beene that conquering *Rome* bid build.
 Had *Venus* spoylede her bellies *Troyane* fruite,
 The earth of *Cæsars* had beene destitute.
 Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,
 If such a worke thy mother had assayed.
 My selfe that better dye with loving may
 Had seene my mother killing me, to day.
 Why takest increasing grapes from *Vine*-trees full?
 With cruell hand why dost Greene Apples pull?
 Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase,
 Life is no light price of a small surcease.
 Why with hid itons are your bowels torne?
 And why dire poyson give you babes unborne?
 And *Cholcis* stain'd with childrens blood men raile,
 And mother murthred *Iris* thee bewaile,
 Both unkinde Parents, but for causes sad,
 Their wedlockes pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
 What *Terens*, what *Iason* you provokes,
 To plague your bodyes with such harmefull strokes?
Armenian Tigers never did so ill,
 Nor dares the *Lyonnesse* her young whelpes kill:
 But tender Damzels do it, though with paine,
 Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt childe hath flaine.
 She dyes, and with loose haire to grave is sent,
 And who ere see her, worthily lament.
 But in the ayre let these words come to nought,
 And my presages of no weight be thought.
 Forgive her gracious Gods this one delict,
 And on the next fault punishment inflict.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 25.

Ad annulum, quem dono amice dedit:

THou ring that shalt my faire girles finger binde,
 Wherein is seene the givers loving minde;
 Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
 And her smal joynts in circling round hoope make thee.
 Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:
 And of just compasse for her knuckles be.
 Blest ring thou in my mistresse hand shalt lye.
 My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now envie.
 O would that suddenly into my gift,
 I could my selfe by secret Magick shift.
 Then would I wish thee touch my mistresse pappe,
 And hide thy left hand underneath her lappe.
 I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
 And in her bosome strangely fall at last.
 Then I, that I may seale her privy leaves,
 Least to the wake the hold-fast dry gemme cleaves.
 Would first my beautilous wenchs moyst lips touch,
 Onely he signe nought, that may grieve me much.
 I would not out, might I in one place hit.
 But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit.
 My life, that I will shame thee never feare,
 Or by a load thou shouldst refuse to beare.
 Weare me, when warmest showers my members wash,
 And through the gemme let thy lost waters pass.
 But seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
 And even the ring performe a mans part well.
 Vaine things why wish I? goe small gift from hand,
 Let her my faith with thee given understand.

ELEGIA,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 16.

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.

Sylmo, *Pelignies* third part me containes,
 A small, but wholesome soyle with varrie veynes.
 Although the Sunne to rive the earth incline.
 And the *Icarian* froward *Deg*-starre shine,
Pilignian fields with liqued rivers flowe,
 And on the soft ground fertile greene grasse grow.
 With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,
 And some few pastures *Pallas* Olives bore.
 And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,
 A grasse turffe the moystned earth doth hide.
 But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,
 My heate is here, what moves my heate is gone.
Pollux and *Castor*, might I stand berwixt,
 In heaven without thee would I not be fixt.
 Upon the cold earth penfive let them lay,
 That meane to travaile some long irkesome way.
 Or els will maidens, young-mens mates, to go
 If they determine to persever so,
 Then on the rough *Alpes* should I tread aloft,
 My hard way with my mistresse would seeme soft.
 With her I durst the *Lybian* *Syrtes* breake through,
 And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.
 No barking Dogs that *Syllaes* intrailles beare,
 Nor thy gulfes crooked *Malea*, would I feare.
 No flowing waves with drowned ships forth poured,
 By cloyed *Charibdis*, and againe devoured.
 But if sterne *Neptunes* windie powre prevaile,
 And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,
 With thy white armes upon my shoulders seaze,
 So sweete a burthen I will boare with eaze,
 The youth oft swimming to his *Hero* kinde,

D

Had

OVIDS ELEGIES:

Had then swum over, but the way was blinde;
 But without thee, although vine-planted ground
 Containes me, though the streames in field surround:
 Though *Hindes* in brookes the running waters bring,
 And coole gales shake the tall trees leavy spring,
 Healthfull *Peligny* I esteeme nought worth,
 Nor doe I like the country of my birth.
Sythia, *Gilicia*, *Britaine*, are as good,
 And rockes dyed crimson with *Prometheus* blood.
 Elmes love the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,
 Why doth my mistresse from me oft divide?
 Thou swearest, devision should not twixt us rise,
 By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes.
 Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaves,
 Which as it seemes, hence wind and sea bereaves.
 If any godly care of me thou hast,
 Adde deedes unto thy promises at last.
 And swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,
 (Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach.
 But whē she comes, your swelling mounts sinck down,
 And falling Vallies be the smooth-ways crowne;

ELEGIA. 17.

Quod Corinna soli sit serviturus.

TO serve a wench if any thinke it shame,
 He being Iudge, I am convinc'd of blame.
 Let me be flandered, while my fire she hides,
 That *Paphos*, and the floud-beate *Cithera* guides.
 Would I had beene my mistresse gentle prey,
 Since some faire one I should of force obey.
 Beauty gives heart, *Corinnas* looks excell,
 Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?
 But by her glasse disdainfull pride she learns,
 Nor she her telfe but first trim'd up discernes,

Nor

OVID: ELEGIES.

Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,
 (O face most cunning mine eyes to detain)
 Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy state,
 Small things with greater may be copulate.
 Love-snarl'd *Calypso* is suppos'd to pray,
 A mortall nymphes refusing Lord to stay.
 Who doubts, with *Peliur*, *Thetis* did consort,
Egeria with iust *Numa* had good sport,
Venus with *Vulcan*, though smithes tooles layde by,
 With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-favour'dly.
 This kinde of verse is not alike, yet fit,
 With shorter numbers the heroicke fit.
 And thou my light accept me how so ever,
 Lay in the mid bed, there be my law giver.
 My stay no crime my flight no joy shall breed.
 Nor of our love to be asham'd we need.
 For great revenges I good verses have,
 And many by me to get glory crave.
 I know a wench reports her selfe *Corinne*,
 What would not she give that faire name to winne?
 But sundry floods in one banke never goe,
Eurotas cold, and poplar bearing *Po*.
 Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,
 Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

ELEGIA. 18.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

TO tragick verse while thou *Achilles* trainst,
 And new sworne souldiers maiden armes retainst
 Wee *Macer* sit in *Venus* slothfull shade,
 And tender love hath great things hatefull made.
 Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,
 Shes in my lap sits still as erst she did.
 I say it irkes me halfe to weeping framed,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Aye me she cries, to love, why art ashamed?
 Then wreathes about my necke her winding armes,
 And thousand kisses gives, that worke my harmes;
 -yeeld, and back my wit from battels bring,
 Domesticke acts, and mine owne warres to sing.
 Yet tragidies and scepters filld my lines,
 But though I apt were for such high designes,
 Love laughed at my cloake, and buskins painted,
 And rule so soone with private hands acquainted,
 My Mistresse deity also drew me fro it,
 And love triumpheth ore his buskind Poet,
 What lawfull is, or we professe loves art,
 Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart)
 We write, or what *Penelope* sends *Vlysses*,
 Or *Phillis* teares that her *Domophoon* misses,
 What thanklesse *Iason*, *Macareus*, and *Paris*,
Phedra, and *Hipolite* may reade my care is,
 And what poore *Dido* with her drawne sword sharpe,
 Doth say, with her that lov'd the *Aonian* harpe.
 As soone as from strange lands *Sabinus* came,
 And writings did from divers places frame,
 White-cheeckt *Penelope* knew *Vlysses* signe,
 The stepdame read *Hyppolitus* lustlesse line.
Eneas to *Elisa* answer gives,
 And *Phillis* hath to reade; if now she lives.
Iasons sad letter doth *Hippile* greete,
Sappho her vowed harpe layes at *Phæbus* feete:
 Nor of the *Macer* that resoundit forth armes,
 Is golden love hid in *Mars* mid allarmes.
 There *Paris* is, and *Helens* crimes record,
 With *Laodemeia* mate to her dead Lord.
 Vnlesse I erre to these thou more incline,
 Then warres, and from thy tents will come to mine.

ELEGIA.

OVIDS ELEGIES

ELEGIA. 19.

Ad rivalem, cui uxor cura non erat.

FOole if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,
 Keepe her for me, my more desire to breede.
 Wee scorne things lawfull, stolne sweetes we affect;
 Cruell is he, that loves whom none protect.
 Let us both lovers hope and feare a like,
 And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
 What should I doe with fortune that ne're failes me?
 Nothing I love, that at all times availes me.
 Wily *Corinna* saw this blemish in me,
 And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.
 Ah often, that her haole head aked, she lying,
 Wild me, whose slowe feete sought delay by flying.
 Ah oft how much she might she feignd offence;
 And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
 So having vext she nourisht my warme fire,
 And was againe most apt to my desire.
 To please me, what faire termes and sweet words ha's
 Great gods what kisses, and how many gave she? (she,
 Thou also that late rookest mine eyes away,
 Oft coulen me, of being wooed say nay.
 And on thy thre-shold let me lye dispred,
 Suffering much cold by hoary nights frost bred.
 So shall my love continue many yeares,
 This doth delight me this my courage cheares.
 Fat love, and too much fulsome me annoyes.
 Even as sweete meate a glutted stomacke cloyes;
 In brazen Tower had not *Danae* dwelt,
 A mothers joy by *Iove* she had not felt.
 While *Iuno Io* keepes when hornes she wore,
Iove liked her better then he did before.
 Who covets lawfull things takes leaves from woods,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And drinke stolne waters in surrounding floudes;
Let her mocke that long will raigne,
Let me, let not my warnings cause my paine,
What ever haps, by suffrance harme is done,
What flies, I follow, what followes me I shunne.
If thou of thy faire damzell too secure,
Begin to shut thy house at evening sure.
Watch at the doore who knocks oft in the darke,
Nights deepe silence why the ban-dogges barcke?
Whether the subtil maide lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in emptie bed oft carries.
Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward pricke.
To steale sands from the shore he loves alive,
What can effect a foolish wittals wife.
Now I forewarne unlesse to keepe her stronger,
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might intreat thee.
Thou suffrest what no husband can endure.
What of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I poore soule be never interdicted?
Nor never with nights sharpe revenge afflicted?
A sleeping shall I fearelesse draw my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loath a husband growne a baude,
By thy default thou dost our joyes defraude,
Some other seeke that may in patience strive with thee,
To please me, for-bid me to cove with thee.

OVIDS ELEGIES

**P. Ovidij Nasonis amorum
Liber tertius.**

ELEGIA. 1.

*Deliberatio Poetae, utrum elegos pergit scribere
an potius tragedias.*

AN old wood stands uncut of long yeares space,
Tis credible some good head haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd sacred spring,
Where round about small birdes most sweetely sing?
Here while I walke hid close in shady grove,
To finde, what worke my muse might move, I strove;
Elegia came with haire perfumed sweete,
And one, I thinke, was longer, of her feete
A decent forme, thin robe, a lovers looke,
By her footes blemish greater grace we tooke:
Then with huge steps came violent *Tragedie*.
Sterne was her front, her lookes on ground did lye.
Her left hand held abroad a regall scepter,
The *Lydian* buskin fit places kept her.
And first he sayd, when will thy love be spent?
O Poet carelesse of thy argument.
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,
Each crosse-wayes corner doth as much expresse.
Oft some poynts at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce love burnes, they cry.
A laughing stocke thou art to all the citie,
While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditie.
Tis time to move grave things in loftie stile,
Long hast thou loyter'd, greater workes compile.
The Subject hides thy wit, mens acts resound,
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground,
Thy muse hath played what may milde girles content

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And by those numbers is thy first youth spent;
 Now give the *Roman* Tragedie a name,
 To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame.
 This sayd, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnish't,
 And seaven times shook her head with thick lockes gar-
 The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes, (nisht.
 Erre I? or myrtle in her right hand lyes.
 With loftie words stout Tragedie (she sayd)
 Why treadst me downe? art thou ayre gravely played?
 Thou deignst unequal lines should the rehearse,
 Thou fightst against me using mine owne verse.
 Thy loftie stile with mine I not compare,
 Small doores unfitting for large houses are.
 Light am I, and with me, my care light love,
 Not stronger am I then the thing I move.
Venus without me should be rusticall,
 This goddesse company doth to me befall.
 What gate thy stately words cannot unlocke,
 My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knocke:
 And I deserve more then thou canst in verity,
 By suffering much not borne by thy severity.
 By me *Corinna* learns, couzening her guard,
 To get the doore with little noyse unbard.
 And slip't from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,
 To move her seere unheard in sitting downe.
 Ah how oft on hard doores hung I engrav'd,
 From no mans reading fearing to be sav'd.
 But till the keepers went forth, I forget not
 The maide to hide me in her bosome let not.
 What gift with me was on her birth day sent,
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
 First of thy minde the happie seedes I knewe,
 Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
 She left; I sayd, you both I must beseech,
 To empty ayre may goe my fearefull speech.

With

OVIDS ELEGIES.

With scepters, & high buskins th'one would dresse me,
 So through the world shold bright renown expresse me.
 The other gives my love a conquering name,
 Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
 Grant Tragedy thy Poet times least title,
 Thy labour ever lasts, she asks but little.
 She gave me leave, soft loves in time make haste
 Some greater worke will urge me on at last.

ELEGIA. 2.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I Sit not here the noble horse to see,
 Yet whom thou favour'st, pray may conquerour be.
 To sit and talke with thee I hither came,
 That thou maist know with love thou makst me flame.
 Thou viewst the course, I thee : let either heed,
 What please them, and their eyes let either feede.
 What horse-driver thou favour'st most is best,
 Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
 Such chaunce let me have : I would bravely runne,
 On swift feedes mounted till the race were done.
 Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,
 With wheelles bent inward now the ring-turne ride.
 In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
 And from my hands the reines will slip away.
 Ah Pelops from his coach was almost feld,
 Hippodameias lookes while he beheld.
 Yet he attain'd by her support to have her,
 Let us all conquer by our mistrisse favour.
 In vaine why flyest backe ? force conjoynes us now :
 The places lawes this benefit allowe,
 But spare my wench thou at her right hand seated,
 By thy sides touching ill she is intreated.
 And sit thou rounder, that behind us see,

For

OVIDS ELEGIES.

For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee;
 But on the ground thy cloathes too loosely lye,
 Gather them up, or lift them loe will I.
 Envious garments so good legges to hide,
 The more thou look' it, the more the gowne envide!
 Swift *Atalantas* flying legges like these,
 Within his hands graspt did *Hippomenes*.
 Coate-ruckt *Dianas* legges are painted like them,
 When strong wilde beasts the stronger hunts to strike
 Ere these were scene, I burnt: what will these do? (the
 Flames into flame, floods thou powrest seas into.
 By these I judge, delight me may the rest,
 Which lye hid under her thin veile suppress.
 Yet in the meane time wilt small windes bestowe,
 That from thy fanne, mov'd by my hand may blow?
 Or is my beate, of minde, not of the skie?
 Ist womens love my captive brest doth frie?
 While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:
 Foule dust, from her faire body, goe away,
 Now comes the pompe; themselves let all men cheere,
 The shour is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.
 First victory is brought with large spred wing,
 Goddesse come here, make my love conquering,
 Applaud you *Neptune*, that dare trust his wave,
 The sea I lye not: me my earth must have.
 Souldier applaud thy *Mars*: no warres we move,
 Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
 With *Augures Phabus*, *Phoebe* with hunters stands,
 To thee *Minerva* turne the craftes-mens hands.
Ceres and *Bacchus* Country-men adore,
 Champions place *Pollux*, *Castor* loves horsemen more.
 Thee gentle *Venus*, and the boy that flies,
 We praise: great goddesse ayde my enterprize.
 Let my new maistrisse graunt to be beloved,
 She beckt, and prosperous signes gave as she moved.
 What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What *Venus* promis'd, promise thou we pray,
 Greater then her, by her leave th'art, Ile say.
 The Gods, and their rich pompe witnesse with me,
 For evermore thou shalt my mistress be.
 Thy legges hang downe, thou maiest, if that be best,
 While thy tiptoes on the foot-stoole rest.
 Now greatest spectacles the *Pretor* sends,
 Over-chariot horses from the lists even ends.
 See whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,
 The horses seeme, as they desire they knew.
 As he runnes too farre about the ring,
 What doest? thy wagon in lesse compass bring.
 What doest unhappy? her good wishes fade,
 Yet with strong hand the reyne to bend be made.
 One slowe we favour, *Romans* him revoke:
 And each give signes by casting up his cloake.
 They call him backe, least their gewnes tesse thy haire,
 To hide thee in my bosome straight repaire.
 At now againe the barriers open lye;
 And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flye.
 At least now conquer, and out-runne the rest:
 My mistress wish confirme with my request.
 My mistress hath her wish, my wish remaine:
 She holds the palme: my palme is yet to gaine,
 She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace;
 Say it not heere, but in another place.

ELEGIA. 5.

De amica, quæ perjuraverat.

What are there Gods? her selfe she hath forswore,
 And yet remains the face she had before.
 How long her lockes were, ere her oath she tooke:
 So long they be. since she her faith forsooke,
 Faire white with rose red was before commixt:

Now

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt:
 Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit:
 Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.
 Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starres they be,
 By which she perjur'd oft hath lyed by me.
 Insooth th' eternall powers graunt maides societie,
 Falsely to sweare, their beaurty hath some deity:
 By her eyes I remember late she Iwore,
 And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore,
 Say gods: if she unpunisht you deceive,
 For others faults, why doe I losse receive.
 But did you not so envy *Cepheus* Daughter,
 For her ill-beaurious Mother judg'd to slaughter.
 Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
 And unreveng'd mockt Gods with me doth scoffe,
 But by my paine to purge her perjuries
 Couzen'd, I am the couzeners sacrifice,
 God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vaine,
 And doth the world in fond believe deteyne.
 Or if there be a god, he loves fine wenches,
 And all things too much in their sole power drenches:
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harme:
Pallas launce strikes me with unconquered arme.
 At me *Apollo* bends his plyant bow:
 At me *Ioves* right-hand lightning hath to throw.
 The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,
 And feare those, that to feare them least intend,
 Who now will care the Altars to perfume?
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Iove throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire:
 But bids his darts from perjur'd girles retire.
 Poore *Semele* among so many burn'd;
 Her owne request to her owne torment turn'd.
 But when her lover came, had she drawne backe,
 The fathers thigh should unborne *Bacchus* lacke.

Why

OVIDS ELIGIES:

Why grieve I? and of heaven reproches pen?
 The Gods have eyes, and breasts as well as men.
 Were I a God, I should give women leave,
 With lying lips my God-head to deceive,
 My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare,
 And I would be none of the gods severe.
 But yet their gift more moderately use,
 Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

ELEGIA. 4.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

R Vde man, 'tis vaine, thy damsell to commend
 To keepers trust: their wits should them defend
 Who, without feare, is chaste: is chaste in sooth
 Who, because meanes want, doeth not she doth.
 Though thou her body guard, her minde is stain'd:
 Nor, least she will, can any be restrain'd.
 Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne.
 All being shut out, th adulterer is within.
 Who may offend, sinnes least; power to doe ill,
 The fainting seeds of naughtinesse doth kill.
 Forbeare to kindle vice by prohibition,
 Sooner shall kindnesse gaine thy wills fruition.
 Saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,
 Like lightning goe, his struggling mouth being checkt.
 When he perceiv'd the reynes let slacke, he stayd,
 And on his loose mane the loose bridle layd.
 Now to attaine, what is denyed, we thinke,
 Even as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.
 Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
 Yet by deceit Love did them all surprize.
 A stone, and yron walles Dandæ shut,
 Came forth a mother, though a mayd there put.
 Enelope, though no watch look'd unto her,

Was

OVIDS ELEGIES:

Was not defilde by any gallant wooer,
 What's kept, we cover more: the care makes theft:
 Few love, what others have unguarded left,
 Nor doth her face please, but her husbands love;
 I know not, what men thinke should thee so move,
 She is not chaste, that's kept, but a deare whore:
 Thy feare, is then her body, valued more.
 Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweet play,
 She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.
 A free-borne wench, no right 'tis up to locke:
 So use we women of strange nations stocke.
 Because the keeper may come say, I did it,
 She must be honest to thy servants credit.
 He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
 And this townes well knowne customes not beleev
 Where Mars his sonnes not without fault did breed,
 Remus and Romulus, Ilias twinne-borne seed,
 Cannot a faire one, if not chaste, please thee?
 Never can these by any meanes agree.
 Kindly thy mistris use, if thou be wise,
 Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.
 Honour what friends, thy wife gives, she'll give man
 Least labour so shall winne great grace of any.
 So shalt thou goe with youths to feasts together:
 And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst th

ELEGIA. 5.

Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.

Flood with redde-growne slime bankes, till I be
 Thy waters stay: I to my mistris hast.
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with ropes to thir
 That may transport me without oares to row.
 Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy streame none su
 When thy waves brim did scarce my ankles touch.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou rushest
 And in thy foule deepe waters now thou rushest,
 What helps my hast : what to have tane small rest ?
 What day and night to travaile in her quest ?
 If standing here I can by no meanes get,
 My foote vpon the further banke to set,
 Now with I those wings noble *Perseus* had,
 Bearing the head with dreadfull Arrowes clad,
 Now with the chariot whence corne fields were found,
 First to be throwne vpon the vtill'd ground.
 I speake old Poets wonderfull inventions,
 Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
 Rather thou large banke overflowing river,
 Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runne for ever.
 (Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no envie lacke,
 If I a lover bee by thee held backe.
 Great floods ought to assist young men in love,
 Great floods the force of it do often prove.
 In mid *Bithynia* 'tis said *Inachus*,
 Grew pale, and in cold floods hot lecherous.
 Troy had not yet bene ten yeares siege out-stander,
 When nimph. *Næra* rapt thy lookes *Scamander*.
 What ? not *Alpheus* in strange lands to runne,
 Th' *Arcadian* Virgins constant love hath wunne ?
 And *Crusa* unto *Zanthus* fast affide,
 They say *Peneus* neere *Phthias* towne did hide.
 What should I name *Æsope*, that *Thebe* lou'd,
Thebe who Mother of five Daughters prou'd.
 If *Aschelous*, I aske where thy hornes stand,
 Thou saist broke with *Alcides* angry hand.
 Not *Calydon*, nor *Ætolia* did please :
 One *Deianira* was more worth then these,
 Rich *Nile* by seaven mouthes to the vast sea flowing,
 Who so well keepe his waters head from knowing.
 Is by *Evadne* thought to take such flame,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

As his deepe whirle-pooles could not quench the same:
 Dry *Enipeus*, *Tyra* to embrace, (place,
 Fly backe his shame chargd, the streame chargd, gave
 Not passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling,
 In *Tiburs* field with warry some art rumbling,
 Whom *Ilia* pleas'd, though in her looks griefe reveld,
 Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haire disheveld.
 She wailing *Mars* finne, and her uncles crime,
 Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time.
 Her, from his swift waves, the bold floud perceav'd,
 And from the mid foord his hoarse voice upheav'd,
 Saying, why sadly treadst my banckes upon
Ilia, sprung from *Idean Laomedon*?
 Where's thy attire? why wand'rest heere alone?
 To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none?
 Why weepest? and spoilst with teares thy warry eyes?
 And fiercely knockst thy brest that open lyes?
 His heart consists of flint, and hardest steele,
 That seeing thy teares can any joy thier feele.
 Feare not: to thee our Court stands open wide,
 There shalt be lov'd: *Ilia* lay feare aside.
 Thou ore a hundred Nimphes, or more shalt raigne:
 For five-score Nimphes, or more our flouds containe.
 Nor *Roman* stocke scorne me so much (I crave)
 Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt have.
 This said he: shee her modest eyes held downe,
 Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne,
 Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,
 By feare depriv'd of strength to runne away.
 Yet rending with enraged thumbes her tresses,
 Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses:
 O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,
 My bones had beene, while yet I was a mayde.
 Why being a vestall am I wooed to wed,
 Deflowr'd and stained in unlawfull bed?

Why

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.
This said: her coate, hoodcwinckt her fearefull eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
Tis said the slippery streame held up her brest.
And kindly gave her, what she liked best.
And I beleeve some wench thou hast affected:
But woods, and groves keepe your faults vndetected:
While thus I speake, the waters more abounded;
And from the channell all abroad surrounded.
Mad streame, why dost our mutuall joyes deferre?
Clowne, from my journey why dost me deterre?
How wouldst thou flowe wert thou a noble floud?
If thy great fame in every region stood.
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines
No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountaines.
Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snowe:
Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestowe.
Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide:
Or full of dust dost on the drye earth slide.
What thirstie tarveller ever drunke of thee?
Who sayd with gratefull voyce perpetuall bee?
Harmefull to beasts, and to the fieldes thou proves:
Perchance these, others, me mine owne losse mooves.
To this I fondly loves of floude told plainly:
I shame so great names to have vsde so vainly:
I know not what expecting, I ere while
Nam'd *Achelous*, *Inachus*, and *Ile*,
But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame,
Dry winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreame.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non
potuit, conqueritur.*

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,
 Or she was not the wench I wisht t'have had.
 Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd not,
 And like a burthen griev'd the bed that mou'd not.
 Though both of vs perform'd our true intent,
 Yet could I not cast anckor where I meant.
 She on my necke her Ivery armes did throwe,
 Her armes farre whiter then the *Sythian* snow,
 And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,
 And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flung.
 Yea, and she soothd me vp, and calld me fire,
 And vsde all speech that might provoke, and stirre.
 Yet like as if cold Hemlocke I had drunke,
 It macked me, hung downe the head and sunke.
 Like a dull Cipher, or rude blocke I lay,
 Of shade, or body was I who can say?
 What will my age do? age I cannot shunne,
 When in my prime my force is spent and done.
 I blush that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
 I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rustie.
 Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,
 Or one that with her tender brother lyes.
 Yet boarded I the golden *Chie* twice,
 And *Libas*, and the white cheekt *Pirho* thrice.
Corinna erau'd it in a summers night,
 And nine sweete bowts we had before day-light
 What wast my limbs through some *Thessalian* charmes?
 Nay spells, and drugges do filly foules such harmes?
 With virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts?
 And pierc'd my liver with sharpe needles points?

Charmes

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Charms change corne to grasse and make it die,
 By charms are running springs and fountaines dry.
 By charms mast drops from oakes, from vines grapes fall
 And fruite from trees when ther's no winde at all.
 Why might not then my sinewes be enchanted?
 And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted.
 To this adde shame: shame to performe it quaild me
 And was the second cause why vigour failede me
 My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
 Then did the robe or garment which she wore.
 Yet might her touch make youthfull *Pylius* fire,
 And *Tithon* livelier then his yeares require.
 Even her I had, and she had me in vaine,
 What might I crave more, if I aske againe;
 I thinke the great gods grieu'd they had bestow'd.
 The benefit: which lewdly I for-slow'd,
 I wisht to be receiu'd in, in I get me,
 To kisse, I kisse: to lie with her she let me.
 Why was I blest? why made King to refuse it?
 Chuffe-like had I not gold and could not vse it?
 So in a spring thrives he that told so much.
 And lookes vpon the fruite he cannot touch.
 Hath any rose so from a fresh young maide,
 As she might straight have gone to church and praide.
 Well I beleeeve, she kist not as she should,
 Nor vs'd the sleight and cunning which she could,
 Huge oakes, hard adamants might she have moved,
 And with sweete words cause deafe rocks to have moved
 Worthy she was to moue both gods and men,
 But neither was I man nor lived then.
 Can deafe care take delight when *Phemius* sings?
 Or *Thamiris* in curious painted things.
 What sweete thought is there but I had the same?
 And one gave place still as another came.
 Yet not-witstanding like one dead it lay,

OVIDS ELIGIES:

Drouping more then a rose puld yesterday.
 Now when he should not iette, he boults vpright,
 And craves his taske, and seekes to be at fight.
 Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,
 Seeing thou wouldst deceive me as before.
 Thou cousteneest me: by thee surpri'd am I,
 And bide sore losse with endlesse infamy.
 Nay more the wench did not disdain a whit,
 To take it in her hand, and play with it.
 But when she sawe it would by no meanes stand,
 But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand.
 Why mockst thou me she cryed? or being ill
 Who bad thee lie downe heere against thy will?
 Either th'art wight with bould of frogs new dead
 Or jaded camst thou from some others bed.
 Wish that her loose gowne on, from me she cast her,
 In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her.
 And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
 To cover it spilt water on the place.

ELEGIA. 7.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

WHat man will now take liberall arts in hand,
 Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand.
 Wit was some-times more precious then gold,
 Now poverty great barbarisme we hold.
 When our bookes did my mistresse faire content,
 I might not go, whether my papers went.
 She prais'd me, yet the gate shut fast vpon her,
 I heere and there go witty with dishonor.
 See a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth infer'd
 For bloudshed knighted, before me prefer'd.
 Foole canst thou him in thy white armes embrace?
 Foole canst thou lie in his enfolding space?

Knowest

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Knowest not his head a helme was wont to beare,
 This side that serves thee, a sharpe sword did weare.
 His left hand whercon gold doth ill alight;
 A target bore: bloud sprinkled was his right,
 Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie dead?
 Ah whether is thy breasts soft Nature fled?
 Behold the signes of ancient fight, his skarres,
 What ere he hath his body gaine in warres.
 Perhaps hee'ele tell how oft he slew a man,
 Confessing this, why doest thou touch him than?
 I the pure Priest of *Phabus* and the muses,
 At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses.
 Not what we slothfull knew, let wise men learne,
 But follow trembling camps, and battailes sterne,
 And for a good verse drawe the first darts forth,
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Ioue being admonishd gold had soveraigne power,
 To winne the maide came in a golden shower.
 Till then, rough was her father, she severe.
 The posts of brasse, the walles of iron were,
 But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
 She held her lap open to receive the same.
 Yet when old *Saturne* heavens rule possessest
 All gaine in darkenesse the deepe earth supprest,
 Gold, silver, irons, heavy weight, and brasse,
 In hell were harboured, here was found no masse:
 But better things it gave, corne without ploughes,
 Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes.
 With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleave,
 The ditcher no markes on the ground did leave.
 Nor hanging oares the troubled seas did sweepe,
 Men kept the shoare, and sailde not into deepe.
 Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,
 And to thy one losse was thy wit swift running.
 Why gird'st thy citties with a covered wall?

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why letst discordant hands to armour fall?
 What doest with seas? with th'earth thou wert content,
 Why seek'st not heav'n the third realme to frequent?
 Heaven thou affects, with *Romulus*, temples brave
Bacchus, *Alcides*, and now *Cæsar* have.
 Gold from the earth in stead of fruites we pluck,
 Souldiours by bloud to be inricht have lucke.
 Courts shut the poore out; wealth gives estimation,
 Thence growes the Iudge, and knight of reputation,
 All, they possesse: they governe fieldes, and lawes.
 They manage peace, and rawe warres bloody iawes,
 Onely our loves let not such rich churles gaine,
 Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine.
 Now *Sabine*-like, though chaste she seemes to live,
 One she commands, who many things can give.
 For me, she doth keeper, and husband feare,
 If I should give, both would the house forbear.
 If of scorn'd lovers god be venger just,
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELEGIA. 8.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

IF *Tiberis* and the morne their sonnes did waile,
 And envious fates great goddesses assaile.
 Sad *Elegia* thy wofull haire vnbinde:
 Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.
Tibullus, thy workes Poet, and thy Fame,
 Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame,
 Loe *Cupid* brings his quiver spoyled quite
 His broken bow his fire-brand without light.
 How piteously with drouping wings he stands,
 And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.
 The locks spread on his necke receive his teares,
 And shaking sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.

So

OVIDS ELEGIES.

So at *Aeneas* buriall men report,
 Faire fac'd *Iulus*, he went forth thy Court.
 And *Venus* greives, *Tibullus* life being spent,
 As when the wilde boare *Adonis* groine had rent.
 The gods care we are calld, the men of piety,
 And some there be that thinke we have a diety.
 Outragious death prophanes all holy things,
 And one all creatures obscure darkenesse brings
 To *Thracian Orpheus* what did parents good?
 Or songs amazing whilde beasts of the wood.
 Where *Linus* by his father *Phæbus* layed,
 To sing with his vnequall harpe is sayed.
 See *Homer* from whose fountaine ever fild,
Pierian deawe to Poets is distild.
 Him the last day in blacke *Averne* hath drownd,
 Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
 The worke of Poets lasts *Troyes* labours fame,
 And that slowe webbe nights fal-shood did vnframe.
 So *Nemesis*, so *Delia* famous are,
 The one his first love, th' other his new care.
 What profit to vs hath our pure life bred?
 What to have laine above in empty bed?
 When bad fates take good men, I am forbid,
 By secret thoughts to thinke there is a god.
 Live godly, thou shalt dye, though honour heaven,
 Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.
 Trust in good verse, *Tibullus* feeles deaths paines,
 Scarce rests of all what a small urne containes.
 The sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?
 Nor feared they thy body to annoy?
 The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,
 That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.
Eryx bright *Empresse* turnd her looks aside,
 And some, that she refrain'd teares, have deni'd;
 Yet better ist, then if *Corcyras* Ile

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Had thee unknowne interr'd in ground most vile,
 Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
 Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
 Part of her sorrow heere thy sister bearing,
 Comes forth her unkeembd lockes a sunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench joyne their kisses,
 With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing happier lov'd she saith,
 Was I : thou lived'st while thou esteemedst my faith.
Nemesis answeres, what's my losse to thee ?
 His fainting hand in death engrasped mee.
 If ought remaines of us but name, and spirit,
Tibullus doth *Elysiums* joy inherit.
 Their youthfull browes with *Ivie* girt to meet him,
 With *Calvus* learnd *Catullus* comes and greet him.
 And thou, if falsly charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus that carst not bloud, and life to spend.
 With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release,
 The godly, sweet *Tibullus* doth increase.
 Thy bones I pray may in the urne safe rest,
 And may th'earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Cererem, conquerens quod ejus sacris cum amica
 concumbere non permittatur.*

Come were the times of *Ceres* sacrifice,
 In emptie bed alone my mistress lies.
 Golden-hair'd *Ceres* crown'd with eares of corne,
 Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne ?
 Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations judge,
 Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.
 Rude husband-men bak'd not their corne before,
 Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.
 On mast of Oakes, first oracles, men fed,

This

OVIDS ELEGIES.

This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed.
 First *Ceres* taught the seede in fields to swell,
 And ripe-earde corne with sharpe-edg'd sithes to fell.
 She first constraind Bulls neckes to beare the yoke,
 And untild ground with crooked plough-shares broke.
 Who thinks her to be glad at lovers smart,
 And wou'st by their paine, and lying apart?
 Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
 A clowne, nor no love from her warme brest yeelds.
 Be witnesse *Crete* (nor *Crete* doth all things feigne)
Crete proud that *Iove* her nourcery maintaine.
 There, he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers
 A little boy drunke teate, distilling showers.
 Faith to the witnesse *Ioves* praise doth apply,
Ceres, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.
 The goddesse saw *Iasion* on *Candyan* *Idē*,
 With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hide.
 She saw, and as her marrow tooke the flame,
 Was divers wayes distract with love and shame.
 Love conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were burn'd,
 And corne with least part of it selfe return'd.
 When well-toff'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
 Being fit broken with the crooked share,
 And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
 The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.
 The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,
 Her long haire eare-wrought garland fell away.
 Onely was *Crete* fruitfull that plenteous yeare,
 Where *Ceres* went each place was harvest there.
Ida the seate of groves did sing with corne,
 Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne:
 Law-giving *Minos* did such yeares desire;
 And wisht the goddesse long might feele loves fire.
Ceres what sports to thee so grievous were,
 As in thy sacrifice wee them forbear?

Why

OVIDS ELEGIES:

Why am I sad, when *Proserpine* is found,
And *Iuno* like *Dis* raignes under ground?
Festivall dayes aske *Venus*, songs, and wine,
These gifts are meete to please the powers divine.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad amicam, à cuius amore discedere non potest.

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults we make:
Dishonest love my wearied brest forsake,
Nor have I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,
And what I have borne, shame to beare againe.
We vanquish, and treade tam'd love under feet,
Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greet.
Suffer, and harden: good growes by this griefe,
Oft bitter juyce brings to the sicke reliefe.
I have sustaind so oft thrust from the doore,
To lay my body on the hard moylst floore.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst imbrace,
When I to watch supplied a servants place.
I saw when forth a tyred lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is lesse, then if he had seene me,
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.
When have not I fixt to thy side close layed?
I have thy husband, guard and fellow played.
The people by my company she pleasd,
My love was cause that more men love she seizd.
What should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,
And to my losse God. wronging perjuries?
What secret becke's in banquers with her youths,
With privy signes, and talke dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sicke, I thither ranne,
But with my rivall sicke she was not than.
These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,

Some

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Some other seeke, who will these things endure.
 Now my ship in the wished haven crownd,
 With joy heares *Neptunes* swelling waters sound.
 Leave thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,
 I am not as I was before, unwise.
 Now love, and hate my light brest each way move;
 But victory, I thinke will hap to love.
 Ile hate, if I can; if not, love gainst my will:
 Bulles hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
 I flye her lust, but follow beauries creature;
 I loath her manners, love her bodies feature.
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
 And doubt to which desire the palme to give.
 Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,
 Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.
 Her deeds gaine hate, her face intreateth love:
 Ah, she doth more worth then her vices prove.
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all
 The Gods who by thee to be perjurde fall,
 And by thy face to me a powre divine,
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.
 What ere thou art mine art thou: choose this course,
 Wilt have me willing, or to love by force?
 Rather Ile hoyst up saile, and use the winde,
 That I may love yet, though against my minde.

ELEGIA. II.

*Delet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse
 ut rivalet multos sibi paravit.*

WHat day war that, which all sad haps to bring,
 White birds to lovers did not alwayes sing.
 Or is I thinke my wish against the starres?
 Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?
 Who mine was cald, whom I lov'd more then any,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

I feare with me is common now to many;
 Erre I? or by my lookes is she so knowne?
 *Tis so: by my wit her abuse is growne.
 And iustly: for her praise why did I tell?
 The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
 The baynde I play, lovers to her I guide:
 Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
 *Tis doubtfull whether verse availe or harme,
 Against my good they were an envious charme,
 When *Thebes*, when *Troy*, when *Cæsar* should be writ,
 Alone *Corinna* moves my wanton wit.
 With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,
 And *Phæbus* had forsooke my worke begun.
 Nor, as vs will not Poets record heare,
 Would I my words would any credit beare.
Scylla by vs her fathers rich haire steales,
 And *Scyllæes* wombe mad raging dogs conceales.
 Wee cause fete flie, wee mingle haire with snakes,
 Victorious *Perseus* a wingd steedes back takes,
 Our verse great *Tityus* a huge space out-spreads,
 And gives the viper curled Dogge three heads,
 We make *Æaceladus* vs a thousand armes,
 And men inthralld by Mermaides fingring charmes.
 The East windes in *Ulysses* baggs we shut,
 And blabbing *Tantalus* in mid waters put.
Niobe flint, *Callist* we make a Beare,
 Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Myseare*:
 Iove turns himselfe into a Swanne, or gold,
 Or his Bulles hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, *Thebes* first seed?
 Oxen in whose mouthes burning flames did breede,
 Heav'n starre *Electra* that bewaile her sisters?
 The ships, whose God-head in the sea now glisters?
 The Sunne turnd backe from *Atreus* cursed table?
 And sweete toucht harpe that to move stones was able?

Poets

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,
Nor have their words true histories preerence,
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely praisd,
Now your credulity harme to me hath raisd.

ELEGIA. 12.

De Iunonis festo.

VHen fruite fild *Tuscia* should a wife give me,
Wee toucht the walles, *Camillus* wonne by thee.
The Preists to *Iuno* did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompenc'd may stay,
Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.
There stands an old wood with thick trees darke clouded
Who sees it, grants some diety their is shrowded.
An alter takes mens incense, and oblatton,
An alter made after the ancient fashion.
Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,
The annuall pompe goes on the covered ground.
White Heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grasse of *Tuscan* fields are fed.
And calves from whole feard front no threatening flies,
And little Pigg's base Hog-sties sacrifice.
And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back
Onely the Goddess hated Goate did lack,
By whom disclosd, she in the high woods tooke,
Is said to have attempted flight forsooke,
Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts.
And give to him that the first wound imparts.
Where *Iuno* comes, each youth, and pretty maide,
Shew large wayes with their garments their displayed.
Iewells, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne,
And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe,
As is the vse, the Nunnes in their white veyles clad,
Vpon

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Vpon their heads the holy mysteries had.
 When the chiefe pompe comes, lowd the people hallow
 And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow.
 Such was the Greeke pompe, Agamemnon dead,
 Which fact, and country wealth *Halesus* fled.
 And having wandred now through sea and land,
 Built wall's high towred with a prosperous hand.
 He to th' *Hetrurians* *Iunoes* feast commended,
 Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occultè peccet.

S^Eeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
 But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.
 Nor doe I give thee counsell to live chaste,
 But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis past.
 She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it;
 Such as confesse have lost their good names by it.
 What madnesse ist to tell nights pranks by day?
 And hidden secrets openly to bewray?
 The strumpet with the stranger will not doo,
 Before the roome be cleere, and doore put too.
 Will you make ship-wracke of your honest name?
 And let the world be witnesse of the same.
 Be more advise, walke as a Puritan,
 And I shall thinke you chaste, doe what you can.
 Slip still, onely deny it, when 'tis done,
 And before folke immodest speeches shunne.
 The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
 There use all trickes, and tread shame under feet.
 When you are up, and drest, be sage and grave,
 And in the bed hide all the faul's you have.
 Be not asham'd to strip you being there,
 And mingle thighes yours ever mine to beare

There

OVIDS ELEGIES.

There in your Rosie lips my tongue in-tombe,
 Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
 Forbeare no wanton words you there would speake,
 And with your pastime let the bed-stead creak.
 But with your Robes put on an honest face,
 And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.
 Deceive all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,
 And like a Wittall thinke thee voyd of sight.
 Why see I lines so oft receiv'd, and given?
 And this bed and that by rumbling made uneven?
 Like one start up your haire tost and displac'd,
 And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd.
 Graunt this, that what you doe I may not see,
 If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh mee.
 My soule fleetes, when I thinke what you have done,
 And thorough every veine doth cold bloud runne.
 Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vaine,
 And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine.
 Ile not live much, but hold thee soone excus'd,
 Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.
 Though while the deed be dooing you betooke,
 And I see when you ope the two-leav'd booke;
 Swear I was blinde, deny, if you be wise,
 And I will trust your words more then mine eyes.
 From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,
 Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
 And being justifi'd by two words thinke,
 The cause acquits you not, but that I winke.

ELEGIA. 14.

Ad venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

TENDER loves Mother a new Poet get,
 This last end to my Elegies is set.
 Which I *Pelignus* foster-childe have framde:

(Nor

OVIDS ELEGIES.

(Nor am I by such wanton toyes defam'd)
Heire of an ancient house, if helpe that can,
Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman.
In *Virgill Mantua* joyes: in *Saturne Verone*,
Of me *Pelignis* nation boasts alone.
Who libertie to honest armes compeld,
When carefull *Rome* in doubt their prowesse held.
And some guest veiwng watry *Salmoes* walles,
Where little ground to be inclos'd befall's.
How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes.
How small to erre, Ile you for greatest praise.
Both loves to whom my heart long time did yeeld,
Your golden ensignes pluckt out of my field,
Horned *Bacchus* graver furie doth distill,
A greater ground with great horse is to till;
Weake Elegies, delightfull Muse farewell,
A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell.

FINIS.

Epigrammes.

By I. D.

Ab Musam. 1.

FLie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, revels, and triumphes see,
The house of Fame, and Theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirits loue to be.
Fall in betweene their hands, that love and praise thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprove thee,
Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine one the best.
But if thou finde any so grosse and dull,
That thinke I doe to private Taxing leane:
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,

And

EPIGRAMES.

And knowes not what an Epigramme does mean,
Which taxeth vnder a peculiar name,
A generall vice which merits publike blame.

Of a Gull, 2.

OFt in my laughing rimes, I name a gull,
But this new terme will many questions breede,
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.
A Gull is he, who feares a Veluet gowne,
And when a wench is brave, dares not speake to her:
A Gull is he which traverseth the towne.
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.
A Gull is he, which while he proudly wearcs,
A silver hilted Rapier by his side:
Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,
Whilst in his sheath, his sleeping sword doth bide,
A Gull is he which weares good handsome cloathes:
And stands in presence stroaking vp his hayre.
And filles vp his vnperfect speech with oathes.
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare
But to define a gull in termes precise,
A Gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rasam. 3.

Refus the Courtier, at the Theater,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
Or through a grate, doth shew his double face.
For that the clamorous fry of Innes of court,
Fills up the private rooms of greater price:
And such a place where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.
Yet doth not his particuler humour shun,
The common stewes and brothells of the towne,
Though all the world in troopes do thither run.
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne,

F

Then

EPIGRAMES.

Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre;
A common leare that loves a common whore.

In Quintum. 4.

Quintus the dancer useth overmore,
His feet in measure and in rule to move.
Yet on a time he cald his Mistresse whore,
And thought with that sweet word to win her love:
Oh had his tongue like to his feet bin taught,
It never would have uttered such a thought.

In Plurimum. 5.

Fausstus, Sextus, Cinne, Ponticus.
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope:
Rode all to stones for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.
Scarce were they seded in their lodging, when
Wenchcs, with wenchcs: men with men fell out.
Men with their wenchcs, wenchcs with their men,
Which straight dissolves this ill assembled rout.
But since the Divell brought them thus together,
To my discounting thoughts it is a wonder.
Why presently as soone as they came thither,
The selfe same divell did them part a sunder.
Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish divell,
That thus did part them, ere they did some evill.

In Titum. 6.

Titus the brave and valorous young gallant,
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene;
Yet my Lord Chancellors tombe he hath not scene:
Nor the New water worke, nor the Elephant.
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

In Faustum. 7.

Faustus not Lord nor Knight, nor wise nor old,
To every place about the Towne doth ride,
He rides into the fields, Playes to behold

EPIGRAMES

He rides to take Boate at the water side,
 He rides to *Paules*, he rides to ch^r Ordinary,
 He rides unto the house of bawdery too.
 Thither his horse doth him so often carry,
 That shortly he will quite forget to goe.

In Katum. 3.

Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could,
 Indure as long as a Buffe-jerkin would.
 Content thee *Kate*, although thy pleasure wasteth
 Thy pleasures place like a buffe-jerking lasteth.
 For no buffe-jerkin hath bin oftner worne
 Nor hath more scrapings, or more dressings borne.

In Librum. 9.

Liber doth vaunt how chastly he hath liv'd,
 Since he hath bin seaven yeares in towne and more
 For that he sweares he hath foure only — ,
 A Mayd, a wife, a widdow, and a whore.
 Then *Liber* thou hast — all women kinde,
 For a fift sort, I know thou canst not finde.

In Medonem. 10.

Great Captaine *Mædon* weares a chaine of gold,
 Which at five hundred crownes is valued,
 For that it was his graund-fires chaine of olde
 When great King *Henry Bulloigne* conquered.
 And weare it *Mædon* for it may insae
 That thou by vertue of this Massie chaine,
 A stronger towne then *Bulloigne* mayst subdue,
 If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine.
 For what said *Philzp King of Macedon*?
 There is no Castle so well fortified,
 But if an Asseladen with gold comes on,
 The guard will stoope, and gates flye open wide.

In Gellam. 11.

Gell, if thou dost love thy selfe take heed,
 Lest thou my rimes, unto thy lover read.

EPIGRAMES

For straight thou grinst, and then thy lover seeth
Thy canker-eaten-gums and rotten teeth.

In Quintum. 12.

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,
And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,
Dabled in the dirt, and soaked in the raine,
Doubtlesse his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head to travell in the mire.

In Severum. 13.

THe puritan *Severus* oft doth reade,
This text, that doth pronounce vaine speech a sinne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceede,
From out the mouth, not that which enters in.
Hence is it, that we seldome heare him sweare,
And thereof as a Pharise he vaunts;
But he devours more Capons in one yeare,
Then would suffice an hundred protestants.
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all.
As well the thred-bare Cobler, as the Knight.
For those poore slaves which have not wherewithall
Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite
And so as *Pharoes* kine, they eate up cleane,
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be leane.

In Leucam. 14.

Leuca in presence once a fart did let,
Some laught a little, she refus'd the place
And mad with shame, did then her glove forget,
Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace:
And when she would have said my glove,
My fart (qd. she) which did more laughter move.

In Matrum. 15.

THou canst not speake, yet *Macer*, for to speake,
Is to distinguish sounds significant
Thou with harsh noyse the aire dost rudely breake

But

EPIGRAMES.

But what thou vtterest common sence doth want.
 Halfe *English* words, with fustian tearmes amongst
 Much like the burthen of a Northerne song.

In Faustum. 16.

THat youth saith *Faustus*, hath a Lyon scene,
 Who from a dycing-house comes money-lesse
 But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,
 I doubt me he had scene a Lyonesse.

In Cosmum. 17.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
 Then love, when *Pallas* issued from his braine.
 And still he strives to be delivered,
 Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine.
 For as we see at all the play-house doores,
 When ended is the play, the daunce and song:
 A thousand townes-men, Gentlemen, and whores.
 Porters and serving-men together throng,
 So thoughts of drinking, thriving, wenching, warre,
 And borrowing money, raging in his minde
 To issue all at once so forward are
 As none at all can perfect passage finde.

In Flaccum. 18.

THe false knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave,
 The more foole I to bribe so false a knave,
 But he gave backe my bribe the more foole he,
 That for my folly did not couden me.

In Cineam. 19.

THou dogged *Cineas* hated like a dogge,
 For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge.
 Comparst thy selfe to nothing but a dogge.
 Thou saist thou art as weary as a dogge
 As angry, sicke, and hungry as a dogge
 As dulle and melancholly as a dogge.
 As lazy, sleepey, and as idle as a dogge.
 But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?

EPIGRAMES.

In that, for which all men despise a dogge,
 I will compare thee better to a dogge.
 Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
 Thou art as true and honest as a dogge.
 Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
 Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge.
 But *Cineas*, I have heard thee tell,
 Thou art as like thy father as may be.
 'Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
 But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In *Gerontem*. 20.

Gerons mouldie memory corrects,
 Old *Holinshed* our famous Chronicler
 With morall rules, and pollicy collects,
 Out of all actions done these fourescore yeares!
 Accounts the time of every old event,
 Not from Christs birth, nor from the Princes raigne;
 But from some other famous accident,
 Which in mens generall notice doth remaine.
 The siege of *Bulloigne* and the Plaguy sweat,
 The going to *St. Quintins* and *New-haven*,
 The rising in the North, the frost so great,
 That cart-wheele prints on *Thamis* face were scene.
 The fall of money, and burning of *Pauls* steeple,
 The blazing-starre and *Spaniards* overthrow,
 By these events, notorious to the people.
 He measures times, and things fore-past doth show.
 But most of all, he chiefly reckons by,
 A private chaunce, the death of his curst wife:
 This is to him the dearest memory
 And the happiest accident of all his life.

In *Marcum*. 21.

VV Hou *Marcus* comes from *Minnes*, hee still doth
 By come on seaven, that all is lost and gone;
 But

EPIGRAMES.

But that's not true, for he hath lost his haire,
Onely for that, hee came too much at once.

In Ciprum. 22.

THe fine youth *Ciprius* is more tierse and neat
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this.
He weares a hat now of the flat-crowne-blocke,
The treble ruffles, long cloake, and doublet french,
He takes Tobacco, and doth weare a locke.
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench:
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times
Doth above all, praise old *George Gascoines* names.

In Cineas. 23.

When *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in morning
He slylie spies who first his cap doth move,
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning
As if for ever they had lost his love.
I seeing how it doth the humour fit
Of this fond gull to be saluted first
Catch at my cap, but move it not a whit.
Which to perceiving he seemes for spite to burst,
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality.
For vault, and daunce, and fence and rime I can.

You keepe a whore at your own charge men tell me,
Indeed friend (*Cineas*) therein you excell me,

In Gallum. 24.

Gallus hath bin this Summer-time in *Friesland*,
And now return'd he speaks such warlike words,
As if I could their *English* vnderstand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like swords.
He talkes of *Countersearffes*, and *casomats*,
Of *parapets*, of *curreneys* and *pallizadoes*,

EPIGRAMES.

Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,
And of false baits, and sallies, and scaladoes.
But to requite such gulling tearmes as these,
With words of my profession I reply:
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of withermans, estoynes, and champarty.

So neither of vs vnderstanding one another,
We part as wise, as when we came together.

In Decium. 25.

AVdacious painters have nine worthies made,
But Poet *Decius* more audacious farre
Making his mistris march with men of warre.
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade.

Me thinks that gull did vse his tearmes as he
Which tearm'd his love a giant for her wit.

In Gellam. 26.

IF *Gellas* beauty be examined
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
And ill shapt face with morpheu overspread.
And rotten teeth which she in laughing shoves.
Briefly she is the filthiest wench in towne,
Of all that doe the art of whoring vse:
But when she hath put on her sattin gowne,
Her out lawne apron, and her velvet shooes.
Her greene silke stockings, and her petticoat,
Of taffaty, with golden fringe a-round,
And is withall perfum'd with civet hot,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound.

Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweet, filthy, fine ill-favoured whore.

In Syllam. 27.

S*ylla* is often challenged to the field,
To answer as a Gentleman his foes;
But then he doth this only answer yeeld,
That he hath livings and faire lands to loose.

Sylla,

EPIGRAMS:

Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The King of *Spaine* would put vs all in feare:
In Sillam. 28.

WHo dares affirme that *Silla* dare nor fight,
When I dare sweare he dares adventure more
Then the most brave and all-daring wight,
That ever armes with resolution bore.
He that dares touch the most vnholosome whore,
That ever was retirde into the Spittle.
And dares court wenches standing at a doore,
(The portion of his wit being passing little.)
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do:
And when a feaver doth confound his senses,
Dare eate raw-beefe, and drinke strong wine thereto
He that dares take Tobacco on the stage,
Dares man a whore at noone-day through the streete;
Dares daunce in Paules, and in this formall age,
Dares say and doe what ever is vaneete,
Whom feare of shame could never yet affright,
Who dares affirme that *Silla* dares not fight.

In Haymodum. 29.

Haymod that did in Epigrams excell,
Is now put downe since my light Muse arose
As Buckets are put downe into a Well,
Or as a schoole-boy putteth downe his hose,

In Dacum. 30.

AMongst the Poets *Dacus* numbred is,
Yet could he never make an *English* rime,
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have bin spoken many an hundreth time:
The man that keeps the *Eliphant* hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast.
An other *Banckes* pronounced long a-gon,
When he his curtailes qualities exprest:

He

EPIGRAMES.

He first taught him that keeps the monuments,
 At Westminster, his formall Tale to say.
 And also him which Puppets represents,
 And also him which with the Ape doth play:
 Though all his Poetrie be like to this,
 Amongst the Poets *Darus* numbred is.

In Priscum. 31.

WHen *Priscus* raide from low to high estate,
 Rode through the streete in pompous jollitie,
 Cais his poore familiar friend of late,
 Se-spake him thus: Sir now you know not me.
 'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priscus*) to be so,
 For at this time my selfe I do not know.

In Brunum. 32.

B*runus* which deemes himselfe a faire sweete youth,
 Is thirtie nine yeares of age at least:
 Yet was he never, to confesse the truth,
 But a drye starveling when he was at best:
 This gull was sicke to shew his Night-cap fine,
 And his wrought pillow over-spread with lavine,
 But hath bin well since his griefes cause hath line.
 At *Trolops* by Saint Clements Church in pawne.

In Francum. 33.

WHen *Francus* comes to sollace with his whore,
 He sends for Rods & strips himselfe stark naked:
 For his lust sleepest, and will not rise be fore,
 By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
 I envie him not, but wish I had the powre,
 To make my selfe his wench but one halfe houre.

In Casterem. 34.

Of speaking well, why do we learne the skill?
 Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,
 Sith rayling *Caster* doth by speaking ill,
 Opinion of much wit and gold obtaine.

EPIGRAMES.

In Septimium. 35

Eptinius lives, and is like *Garlicke* scene;
 For though his head be white, his blade is greener
 This old mad Coult deserves a Martyres praise,
 For he was burned in *Queene Maryes* dayes.

Of Tobbacco. 36

*H*omer of *Moly* and *Nepenthe* sings,
Moly the Gods most soveraigne Hearbe divi ne,
Nepenthe Heavens drinke most gladnesse brings,
 Hearts grieve expels, and doth the wits refine,
 But this our age another world hath found,
 From whence an hearbe of Heavenly power is brought,
Moly is not so soveraigne for a wound,
 Nor hath *Nepenthe* so great wonders wrought.
 It is *Tobacco*, whose sweete substantiall fume,
 The hellish torment of the teerh doth ease,
 By drawing downe, and drying vp the rewme,
 The Mother and the Nurse of each disease,
 It is *Tobacco* which doth colde expell,
 And clears the obstructions of the Arteries,
 And sursets threatening Death digesteth well,
 Decocting all the stomackes crudities.
 It is *Tobacco* which hath power to clarifie,
 The clowdie mists before dim eyes appearing,
 It is *Tobacco* which hath power to rarifie,
 The thick grosse humour which doth stop the hearing,
 The wasting Hectique, and the Quartain Fever,
 Which doth of Phisique make a mockerie,
 The gowt it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
 Whether the cause in Teeth or stomacke be.
 And though ill breathes, were by it but confounded:
 Yer that Medicine it doth farre excell,
 Which by *Sir Thomas Moore* hath bin propounded.
 For this is thought a Gendeman-like smell,
 O that I were one of these mountie-bankes,

Which

EPIGRAMS.

Which praise their Oyles, and Powders which they sell,
My customers would give meeoyne with thankes,
I for this ware, forsooth a Tale would tell.
Yet would I use none of these tearmes before,
I would but say, that it the Pox will cure:
This were inough, without discoursing more,
All our brave gallants in the towne t'allure.

In Crassum. 37.

CRassus his lyes are not pernicious lyes,
But pleasant fictions hurtfull unto none:
But to himselfe; for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth, that which for false is knowne;
He sweares that *Gaunt* is three-score miles about
And that the Bridge at *Paris* on the *Seyn*,
Is of such thicknesse, length and breadth throughout,
That fixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine.
He sweares he saw so great a dead-mans scull,
At *Canterbury* digd out of the ground:
That would containe of wheat, three bushels full,
And that in *Kent* are twenty yeomen found,
Of which the poorest every yeare dispende,
Five thousand pound: these and five thousand moe,
So oft he hath recited to his friends:
That now himselfe, perswades himselfe 'tis so.
But why doth *Crassus* tell his lyes so rife,
Of Bridges, Townes, and things that have no life.
He is a Lawyer, and doth well espie;
That for such lyes an action will not lye.

In Philonem. 38.

PHilo the Lawyer and the Fortune-teller,
The Schoole-master, the Midwife and the Bawd:
The Conjuror, the buyer, and the seller,
Of painting which with breathing will be thawd,
Doth practise Physicke, and his credit grewes.
As doth the Ballad-singers auditoric.

Which

EPIGRAMES.

Which hath at Temple-barre his standing choffe;
 And to the vulgar sings an Ale-house storie.
 First stands a Porter, then an Oyfter-wife,
 Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him;
 Then comes a cut-purse ready with a knife,
 And then a countrey clyent passeth neere him.
 There stands the Constable, there stands the Whore,
 And listning to the song, heed not each other.
 There by the Serjeant stands the debtor,
 And doth no more mistrust him then his brother:
 Thus *Orpheus* to such hearers giveth Musique,
 And *Philo* to such patients giveth Physicke.

In Fuscum. 39.

F*uscus* is free, and hath the world at will,
 Yet in the course of life that he doth leade:
 He's like a horse which turning round a mill,
 Doth alwayes in the selte-same circle treade;
 First he doth rise at ten, and at eleven
 He goes to *Gyls*, where he doth eat till one,
 Then sees a Play till sixe, and sups at seaven,
 And after supper, straight to bed is gone.
 And there till tenne next day he doth remaine,
 And then he dines, and sees a commedy,
 And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe:
 Thus round he runnes without variety:
 Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
 But falls into a whore-house by the way.

In Afrum. 40.

THe smell-feast *Afer*, travailes to the burse
 Twice every day the newest newes to heare,
 Which when he hath no money in his purse,
 To rich mens tables he doth often beare:
 He tells how *Gronigen* is taken in,
 By the brave conduct of illustrious *Vere*:
 And how the *spanish* forces *Brest* would win,

But

EPIGRAMS.

But that they doe victorious *Norris* feare,
 No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,
 But straight he learns the newes & doth disclose it,
 Faire written in a scrowle he hath names,
 Of all the widdowes which the Plague hath made,
 And persons, times and places, still he frames,
 To every tale the better to perswade:
 We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slave,
 Will eate as fast as he will utter lies
 For Fame is said an hundredth mouthes to have,
 And he eates more then would five score suffice.

In Paulum. 41.

By lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enuy fortunate.
 Derives out of the Ocean so much wealth,
 As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,
 But on the land a little gulfe there is,
 Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

In Litum. 42.

Lycus which lately is to *Venice* gone,
 Shall if he do retorne gaine three for one:
 But ten to one his knowledge and his wit,
 Will not be bettered or increas'd a whit.

In Publium. 43.

Publius student at the common law,
 Oft leaves his Bookes, and for his recreation:
 To Parish-garden doth himselfe withdrawre,
 Where he is ravish't with such delectation
 As downe amongst the Beares and Dogges he goes,
 Where whilst he skipping cries head to head,
 His fatten doublet and his veluer hose,
 Are all with spittle from aboute be-spread.
 When he is like his fathers country shall,
 Stinking with dogges, and muted all with haikes.
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall.

Which

EPIGRAMES.

Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunter, and Sagar for.

In Sillam. 44.

WHen I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou sista seemest forth with to be offended
And holds the contrary and sweares he can,
But when I tell thee that hee will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art chang'd and sayst thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife.

Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum. 45.

DAcus with some good colour and pretence,
Teames his loves beauty silent eloquence;
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever Tully vs'd his speech to grace.

In Marcum. 46.

WHy dost thou Marcus in thy misery,
Raile and blasphememe, and call the heau'ns vnhind,
The heavens do owe no kindnesse vnto thee,
Thou hast the heavens so litle in thy minde
For in thy life thou never vsed prayer,
But at Primero, to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47.

SEe yonder melancholic Gentleman,
Which hoode-winked with his hat, alone doth sit,
Thinke what he thinkes and tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
He thinkes not of the war twixt France and Spaine
Whether it be for Europes good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the Turkish power encroching still.

Nor

EPIGRAMES.

Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands,
 The States determine to besiege this spring,
 Nor how the *Scottish* pollicy now stands,
 Nor what becomes of the *Irish* mutining.
 But he doth seriously bethinke him whether
 Of the guld people he bee more esteem'd,
 For his long cloake, or his great blacke feather,
 By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd.
 Or of a Iourney he deliberates,
 To Paris-garden, cock-pit or the play.
 Or how to steale a Dog he meditates,
 Or what he shall unto his mistresse say:
 Yet with these thoughts he thinkes himselfe most fit
 To be of Counsell with a King for wit.

Ad Musam. 48.

PEace idle muse, have done, for it is time,
 Since lowly *Ponticus* envies my fame,
 And sweares the better sort are much to blame
 To make me so well knowne for my ill rime;
 Yet *Bankes* his horse is better knowne then he,
 So are the Cammels and the western Hog,
 And so is *Lepidus* his printed Dog:
 Why doth not *Ponticus* their fames envie.
 Besides this muse of mine, and the blacke feather
 Grew both together in estimation,
 And both growne stale, were cast away together:
 What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion.
 Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
 That from hence-forth, each bastard cast forth rime,
 Which doth but savour of a libell vaine.
 Shall call me father, and be thought my crime.
 So dull and with so little sence endu'd,
 Is my grosse-headed judge the multitude.

F I N I S.

J. D.

